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MISS NUDE WORLD SHOWS HER PINK PRETZEL

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VISITING A LOUISIANA DRAG QUEEN. THERE REALLY IS A WIENIE IN HER BIKINI

"CHUBBY" AND I FIGHT THE ROSELAWN HEAT!

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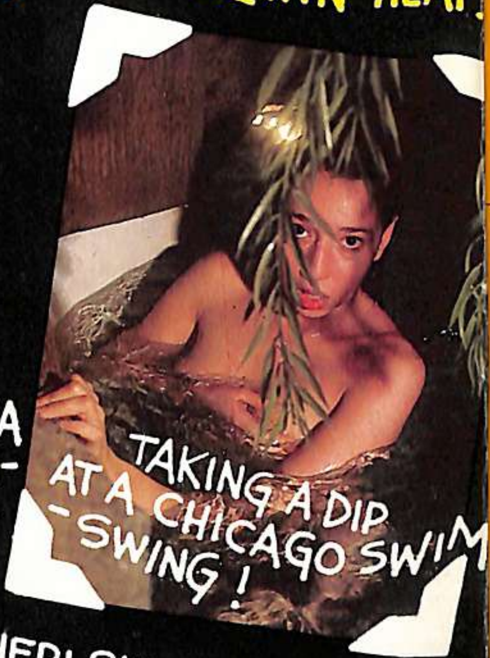
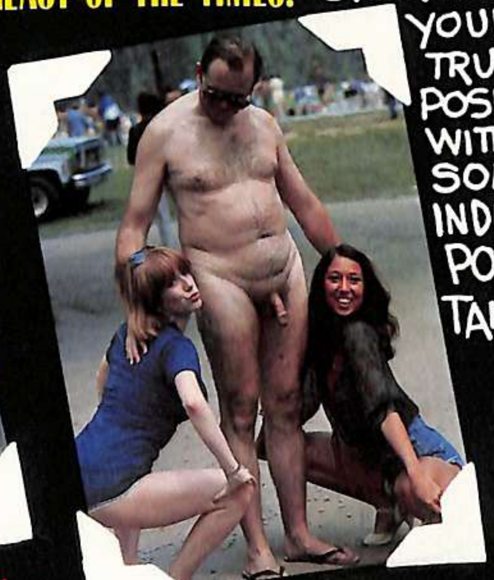


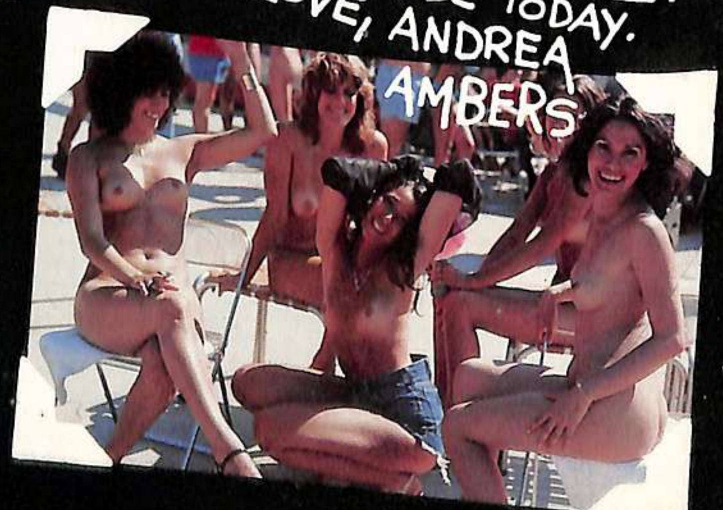
TAKING A DIP AT A CHICAGO SWIM-SWING!

FANNE AND I AT A NEW ORLEANS NUDIST CAMP



CHERI AND YOURS TRULY POSE WITH SOME INDIANA POON-TANG.

CHERI SHINES ON! COME SHARE THE HEAT AND SUBSCRIBE TODAY. LOVE, ANDREA AMBERS



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VOLUME 2 NUMBER 4 NOVEMBER 1977

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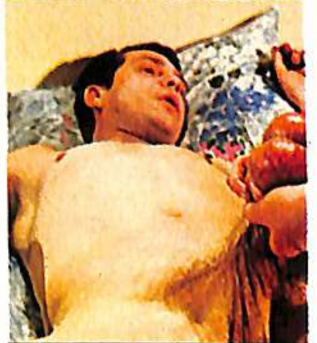
WELCOME TO
DICK DROST'S
NAKED CITY



6 AMERICHERI: ***National headlines from Sex Central***
Liz Renay goes flamingo pink in Baltimore; Big Mike hits Sin Street in Lansing; a reader recalls fucking Annie Sprinkle; Revolt of the Hobbyist; Mid-Am sexperts convene in Chi-town; Great American Titz from Anita Bryant country; Swing Digest: your Bible of sensuous spouse-sharing; an unusually erotic opening. . . .

17 THREE TURNS OF THE SCREW: ***A painful little photo-essay***
In which a scrotum-scrunching ball-buncher plays twist and shout with her husband.

20 WHAT'S NEW IN OBSCENE PHONE CALLS: ***Our exclusive survey***
The heavy-breathers check in and Mimi records the brunt of their grunts.

23 THE CHERI ORCHARD: ***Columns by liberated women for liberated men***
Honeysuckle vs. Brotherly Love; Maureen's favorite joints; Jody's Show-Me swingers; Kim and the Amish chippies; Miss Vickie breaks in a filly; Sue Feele dooze it (doowop-doowop).

32 THE ROSELAWN DERBY: ***The battle for Miss Nude World & Mister Nude Trucker***
Dick Drost's annual flesh-fest has a new, nude twist—Judge Andrea Ambers.

46 FREE BEACH FIND: ***Sunbathing is funbathing***
Spend summer in the raw with our November centerfold.

52 EXPOSED: ***Why I spread my pussy for the Times Square set***
Writer-model Michele Lake talks about her short life as a stripper.

55 IN THE PRIME OF HER LIFE: ***A 77-year-young lady opens it up***
The year's most outrageous model: Nicola the Wonderful.

62 GRATEFUL GILDA: ***Jet set juicy seeks jumbo jism connection***
Rich bitch shows and tells.

68 SHARON: ***Portrait of a cocksucker, part II***
The girl who lost our $1000 Blow Job Contest shows how she didn't do it.

79 KELLY INDIANA: ***The body behind Miss Belgium***
We go to Hoosierland for a glorious-looking blonde.

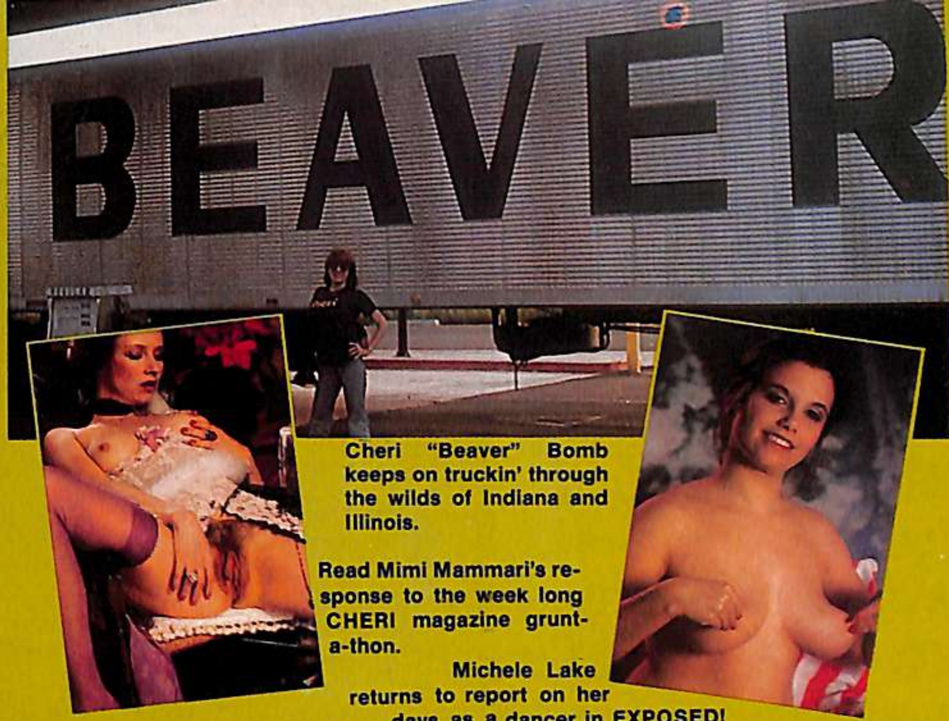
92 THE PINK PRETZEL: ***Meet Miss Nude World***
Raquel can do the most amazing things with her muff.

OUR GANG

CHERI contributing editor Fanne Foxe (center) poses on the set of her Argentinean flick *Bring Up the Front*.

Peter Hurd gets poon-pulled by Andrea Ambers, places "pink" on beauty queen Raquel Daniel and poses with Indiana model, Babe.

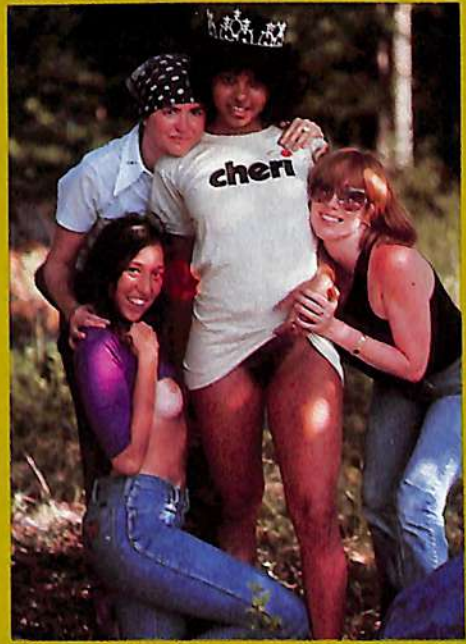
MISS NUDE WORLD '77 flashes a patch of royal snatch with buddies Cheri Bomb and Andrea Ambers.



Cheri "Beaver" Bomb keeps on truckin' through the wilds of Indiana and Illinois.

Read Mimi Mammari's response to the week long CHERI magazine grunt-a-thon.

Michele Lake returns to report on her days as a dancer in EXPOSED!



Minneapolitan photobug Judy Cherry poses with the gang for a pageant pictorial.

Peter Wolff and Co. (the lovely Gilda) camp it up at the premiere of *Inside Jennifer Welles*.

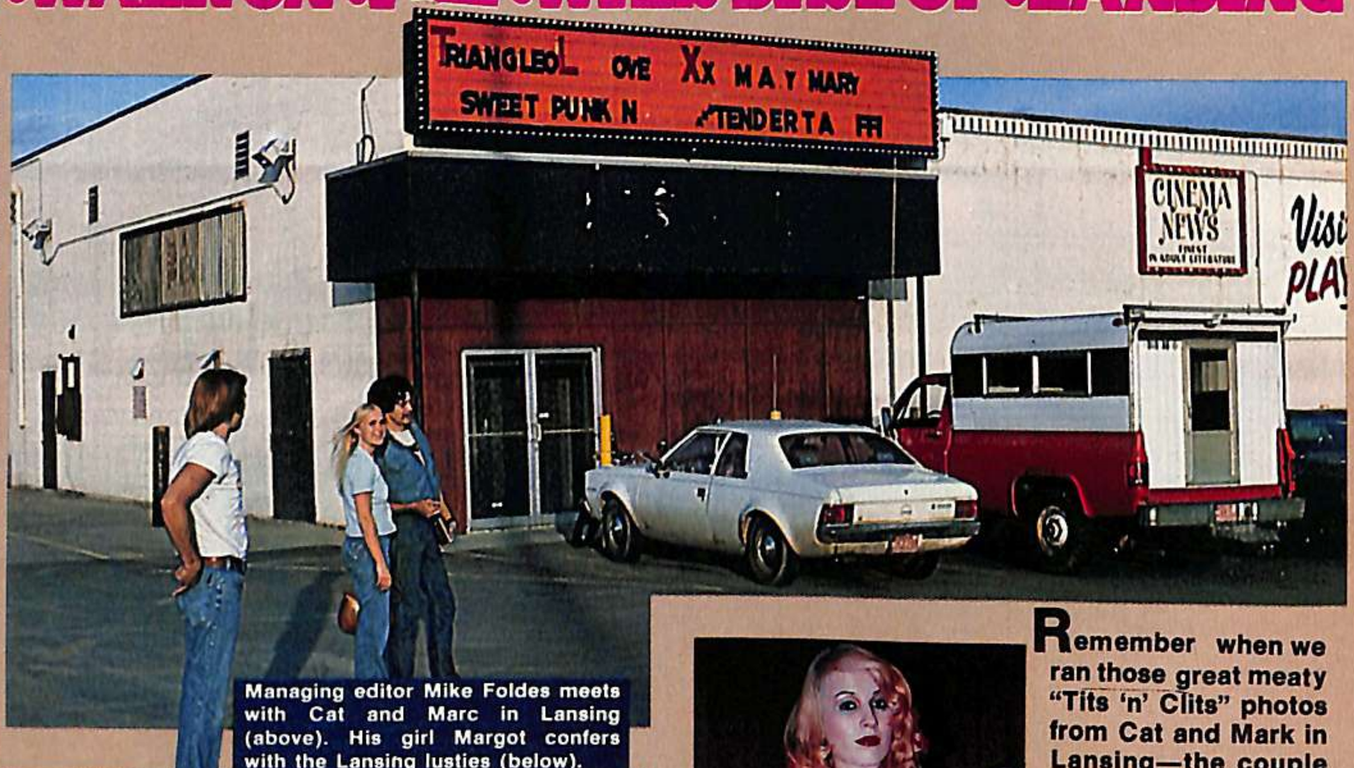
Soho sycophants Michael, Margot, Andrea and Peter check out the erotica at New York's Schafer Gallery.

CINEMA X
cheri

CHERI's Michael Foldes meets up with Cat and friends in Lansing, Mich

OUR MAN ON SIN STRIP:

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE OF LANSING



Managing editor Mike Foldes meets with Cat and Marc in Lansing (above). His girl Margot confers with the Lansing lusties (below).

CAPITAL NEWS BOOKS & MAGAZINES FOR ADULTS
MOVIES
MARITAL AIDS
ADULT MOVIES
FOR ADULTS ONLY

Lady Stardust, the stripper who outraged theater-goers.

Remember when we ran those great meaty "Tits 'n' Clits" photos from Cat and Mark in Lansing—the couple who placed an ad on the bathroom wall of a local porn theater and received a big, black response? Well, they made the place seem so interesting that we sent out a team of CHERI reporters to find out for ourselves what really *does* happen on the outback of the Michigan moraine.

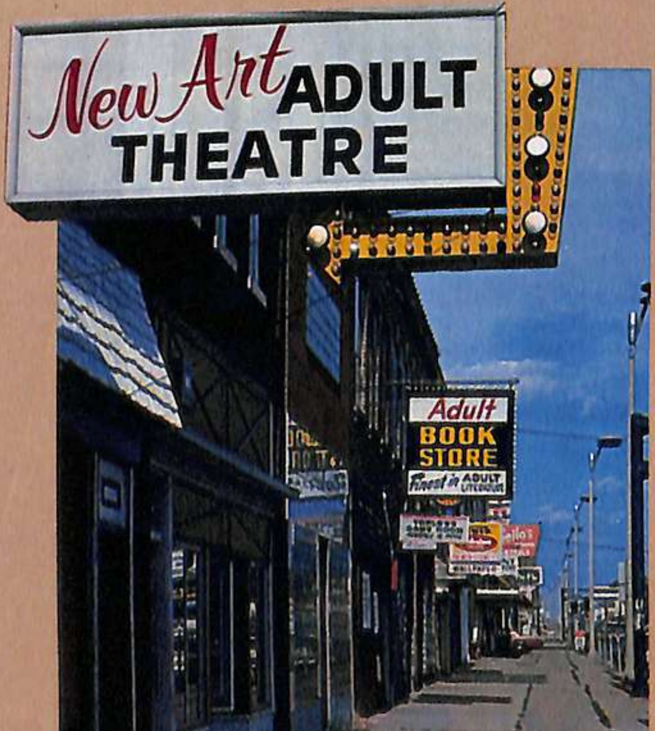
This is our report . . .

Yes, there *is* porn in River City, so it wasn't entirely up to CHERI to give the gift of *gash* to Michigan pornophiles. But calling our brief tour a "Walk on the Wild Side" is stretching Lansing's two block Sin Strip into a Welles Street, Chicago, which it definitely is *not*. We didn't expect much in the way of meat-market consumerism in Michigan's capital city, no mammarian mecca, or we would have heard of it before now; but there are a few opportunities to invigorate one's self with glimpses of female flesh, and that is what we're here to tell you about.

The *raison d'etre* for making our journey actually was to meet Miss Nude Lansing and to get a couple of shots of the buxom brunette for CHERI readers to see how they grow 'em in the midwest. But the beauty queen had just resigned from the CINEMA X theater, where she was working a swing shift as a topless shoe shine girl, reportedly to go camping for the summer with her boyfriend.

It seems that CINEMA X,

(Continued on page 31)



AMERI cheri

REAL LETTERS FROM REAL READERS ABOUT REAL STARS

***A**s you've probably noticed by now, we don't carry a "Letters to the Editor" column. It's not because we don't care what you people think about us, but our editorial format reflects what our correspondents say about our magazine. So it doesn't seem necessary to print more about what we're already doing.*

However, sometimes a letter comes in that we can't let slip by . . . little messages, usually written in longhand on elementary school line paper (and sometimes yellow legal pads) that are valid—if not completely accurate—assessments of recent pablum appearing in CHERI.

The following are two of those letters. They're not phony. They're real. We hope there are more where they came from.

Annie: "Fly me . . ."

Dear CHERI,

I just wanted to drop you a note and relate a story about one of your more prominent—or should I say protruberant—authors . . . none other than the Lady of Golden Shower Fame, Annie Sprinkle. I am a pilot for an extremely wealthy individual, and in April, I had flown him to New York City for several days of business. While visiting the Big Apple, I chanced to visit the city's most exclusive spa, ["The R____t"]. I selected a program for an hour with two masseuses, picked one girl I knew, and asked her to choose the other. My choice, Cindy, is a lovely, slim blonde, cultured, intelligent, with a marvelous sense of humor, and she immediately grabbed Annie. All three of us retired to the rear of the spa, where I showered and took a sauna. Upon returning to my room, I was confronted with two nude young ladies who were awaiting my pleasure. After a most erotic double rubdown, Annie crawled on top of me and gave me a rubdown with her breasts—an experience that has to be felt to be believed—and I immediately got an enormous hardon. After a little bit of mutual fondling, Cindy bent over and asked, "What would you really like to do or see?" I thought about it as Annie stroked my cock, and then replied that I'd like to see the girls '69', and then fuck them both.

The girls laughed with delight, pushed me off the rubdown

(Continued on page 16)

Dear CHERI,

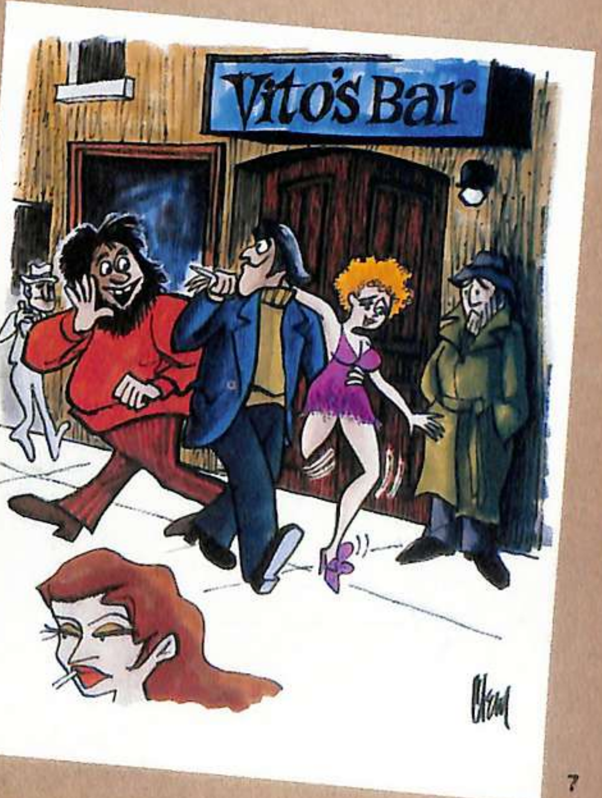
Your February centerfold and interview with Jeanne Silver were out of sight. The March & April columns by Jeanne were good. The letter about Jeanne in May was a phony *(It wasn't!)* and your comments concerning "Hobbyists" and Jeanne on crutches stank.

You are to be congratulated for breaking the ice by being the first *class* publication to print photos of an amputee chick, but you seem to be trying to hide behind a facade of "Redeeming Social Value" and Humanitarian Purpose. You put down the true reason (which is because a large number of people are turned on by amputees.)

I can understand your reluctance to admit the true purpose. Your tactic saves a lot of heat from the unenlightened and has worked in the past to gain a measure of acceptance for other previously forbidden subjects, such as S/M, bondage, enemas and the like. I think, however, that you are being overly cautious and that the time is right to proceed to publish this type of material for what it is—a Great Turn On—at least for a lot of us.

Your put down of "Hobbyists" was uncalled for in my opinion. You portrayed us as a bunch of leering perverts poring over a bunch of stolen photos. This same image, I might point out, was

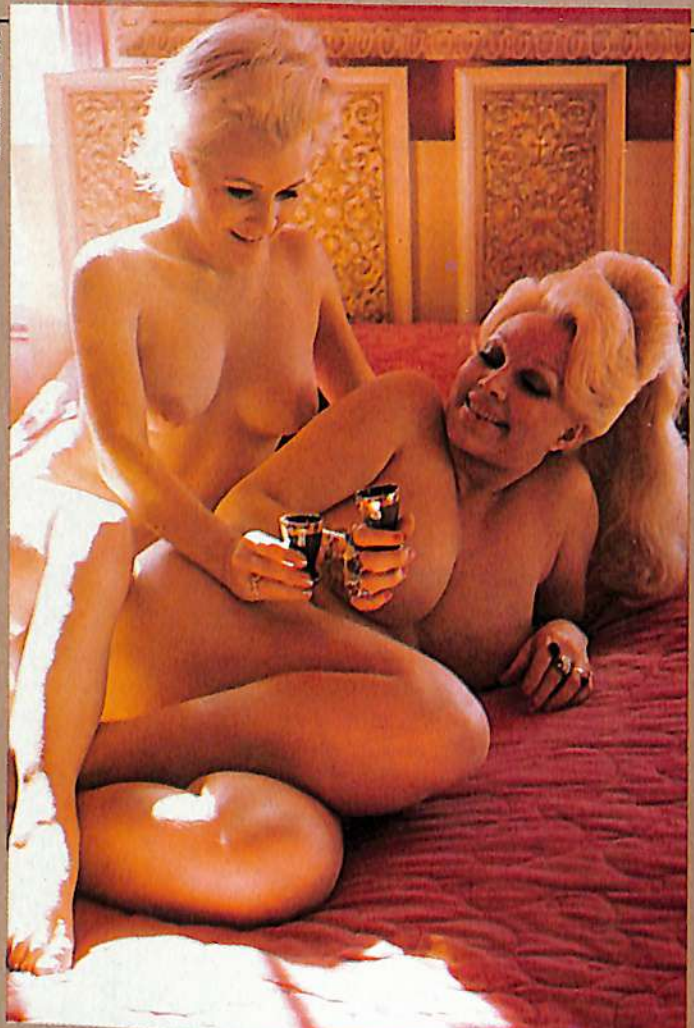
(Continued on page 16)



Liz Goes Lez in Baltimore

By Michelle Craven

"I'm not a lesbian," she murmured reflectively, "but then—I'm not a murderess either. I don't know why it bothered me more to play love scenes with a woman than to smother the babysitter in a bowl of dogfood, but it did. See, I never got to see the script until I was in Baltimore ready to shoot, that was it . . . and, well, my own hang-ups. Now you know, I play a femme, and my girlfriend, Mole, is very butch, very strong. I resist her—him—throughout most of the film, except when he brings me those presents, then I dance around like a child at Christmas in that Marilyn Monroe babytalking voice. I was just the same old sexpot and played it as if he were a man, and it worked, John was very pleased, so . . ."



BILL CRESPINEL

Mamma Liz and daughter Brenda, when they billed themselves as "The only mother-daughter striptease in the world."

Liz Renay, gushing, gorgeous, as eager to please as a St. Bernard pup, had just finished shooting Water's *Desperate Living* in the bawdy back-alleys of his native Baltimore. John Waters shoots all his films in that ripely decayed burg, with his star troupe of transvestites, topless dancers and other primal examples of the polymorphous perverse. He is the strange man who gave us *Pink Flamingos* and *Female Troubles*, a genius scriptwriter and cataloguer of native curiosities. His bizarre brilliance runs to the cultivation of homegrown flowers of evil—Divine, for example, is another Baltimore boy—doing dirty, depraved things to one another in basically hilarious situations, and there is no one like him in American films at all.

"John had written this part that was all ME! My character was the way I actually am, except for that business with the sex change operation," she explained carefully. Vulgarity in any form has no place in the life of this 51-year-old stripper, actress, writer, gun moll, lyricist, painter, felon and all-around classy broad.

Famous "whip dance" during S/M strip act, in which she invited audience members to send in their fantasies and she'd act them out.

MAURICE SEYMOUR

STEVE YEAGER

Filmmaker John Waters and wild things during quiet moment on set of *Desperate Living*. Lovely Grizelda (in tutu) actually teaches in Baltimore school system; your kids are next.

All you anatomy students out there remember her and her stupendous measurements being carted off to the slammer at Terminal Island for disturbing the peace. Or "resorting," as they called it back in those days along the Sunset Strip. Called upon to defend the patently unlawful conduct of her roommate, Mickey Cohen, in court, she told—well—sort of a fib ("Now wouldn't anybody called to testify against a gangster be liable to tell a lie out of fright?") and the judge got mad. But he gave her a suspended sentence because she had no previous record. He also told her to stay out of trouble, but there she was in that motel room with the photographer and just a towel on and in came the vice squad. Being a bag woman carrying forty grand between mobsters was slimy enough—but running loose before a photographer was clearly an affront to all upstanding citizens in Los Angeles County, so they took her away.

After prison, she led the type of life guaranteed to work its way into John Waters' heart. "I live," she said later, "like John thinks." A red-hot career as an exotic dancer and thirty Hollywood films hardly interfered with her seven marriages, three books, two kids and five grandchildren. "And I've got so many projects planned, honey," she enthuses over the phone. "My very next is a fantasy film about the life of Jesus Christ—and of course I want John to do all the casting. I won't use any real nudity, but there'll be a lot of sexual connotations. Like with the disciples, I'd like most, if not all of them, to be gay. Who's to say? Maybe they *were*."

Who knows? After a few weeks of shooting with John Waters, who knew anything whatsoever of sexual reality? "I play Muffy St. Jacques, Mole's [Susan Lowe's] girlfriend. Really it was only a borderline romantic part. I started out as a housewife and only at the very end am I really involved as a lesbian, you see. Now I had told John, that afternoon we had lunch in the Brown Derby, that I would absolutely *not* do any sex—that is, no nudity unless it's handled in the nicest possible way and no crotch shots at all. 'Nothing nude, lewd or vulgar—and then you can be in total control of the dialogue!' I promised him, but it never occurred to me that he'd make me use that one *repulsive* word . . ."

Semi-streak at Mayor Alioto's press conference at L.A. Press Club, wherein Mayor complained that even Lady Godiva didn't cover up that much. Party was to celebrate . . .

Within the Waters' *zeitgeist*, though, her part is terribly straight. She never changes lovers, sexes or states of physical being—such as poor Princess Coo-Coo, infected with rabies by her very own mother, who spends much of the film drooling deliriously. Waters has always had this maniacal fascination for the human juices, in varying viscosities. Mom—Queen Carlotta of Mortville (are you still there?)—wants to infect her whole kingdom to guarantee her power. During the festivities, Mole McHenry, lady wrestler, wins the Maryland lottery and runs off to the city for a sex change that, somehow, inserts a penis where it'll do the most good.

"But I insist he cuts it off. 'The deformed worm, a mutilation of your body!' So he does and I have to sew him back together. I've been telling him all along that I really want a man, so he asks me if I'll still love him with a Barbie-doll crotch. I promise him, 'Oh yes, I'll kiss it, I'll love it, I'll eat it, I'll do anything!' It was that one line that made me squeamish. Now I love the word 'fuck,' I find it very sexy, but 'eat'—that's so offensive. I've even told men I've been intimate with how repulsive it is to me. I've *completely* erased it from my vocabulary unless it means having dinner.

"I knew we'd have a royal battle

(Continued on page 16)

SWING DIGEST

SWING CLUB REVIEWS

We realize that in many areas of the country, swingers still have problems making contacts and getting it on with others whose interests are the same. For the first time ever—and in increasing numbers—swingers are coming out of the closet and forming clubs that cater to their uninhibited whims.

After weeks of investigation, and with the cooperation of swingers across America, we have come up with a list of swing clubs and groups who welcome new couples and members. Some are open to couples only, others to couples and single gals, and still others to anyone who wants to share in the sensitive and provocative joys of swinging.

This list, which we are publishing in part for the first time ever, profiles some of these clubs and the guidelines they have established for themselves and for new members. We hope that when you contact the clubs you will use discretion and respect their qualifications.

We will continue to publish information on swing clubs in future issues of CHERI. If you belong to a club or if you know someone who does, ask them to please get in touch with CHERI and we'll send them a Swing Information Form to fill out and return to us. In this way we'll be able to help the cause of swinging by giving it the publicity it deserves.

THE EXCHANGE

P.O. Box 8053, Orlando, Florida 32806; 500 couples, 280 active. Next time you're in DisneyWorld, take the side trip to THE EXCHANGE for a taste of adult entertainment Walter didn't have the foresight to provide. Just a year-and-a-half old, this Sunshine swap shop boasts new couples every month, and socials every second Saturday at which to get acquainted.

TOTEMS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND

P.O. Box 123, Victoria, B.C., Canada; 35 couples, 30 active. After eight years this club has grown from one couple to thirty, which isn't bad, considering the population in the Pacific Northwest is about zilch. Club meets monthly and holds event at rented facilities or members' homes. Strangers welcomed at major dances held three times annually. No newsletter.

SILVER CIRCLE

P.O. Box 453, Westminister, Colorado 80030; 85 couples, 45 active. Old miners never die, they turn into swingers. Membership limited to couples, one of whom must be over 35. Potentials are screened by swinging with a member couple first. Incompatibles and single men discouraged, but club occasionally welcomes a single, bi-female. "Consideration of partner's wishes most important thing in swinging," so it says in their monthly newsletter.

OUR GANG

P.O. Box 803, Fair Lawn, New Jersey 07410; 800 couples, 300 active. A bi-monthly newsletter informs member couples of Galas and pool parties to help while away the summer months. Live music accompanies the live (BYO) entertainment at social gatherings, and new couples need not be old friends. Phone 201-791-2256 for dates and data. Six years old.

FLIPIT

Box 6, Commack, New York 11725; 1300 couples; 800 active. Weekly swing parties bring new faces to meet the familiar. No swinging on premises, but making friends and contacts proves engaging, nonetheless. This unique club also sponsors charity nights featuring live, paid entertainment (e.g., female impersonators) with all proceeds going to One to One Program for the Mentally Retarded. We couldn't believe it either. Ongoing, now, for four whole years.

HOUSE OF DAVID

P.O. Box 11232, San Francisco, California 94101; 2,500 couples, 1500 active. Commercial Funhouse in Bay Area for two years. Meet and socialize Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights from 8:30 to 2:00 a.m. Mood rooms to indulge fantasies, from *Arabian Nights* to a wild west bordello, to the white-laced "Honeymoon Room." Occasional newsletter informs mailing list of dining, dancing and what-have-you.

ALABAMA SOCIALS

P.O. Box 3114, Huntsville, Alabama 35810; 200 couples. Couples-only club holds three social functions a year in rented facilities. Welcome new couples who desire to civilize the old south. No newsletter; if you're looking for Southern hospitality, contact through box number above. Established swingers since 1973.

SEXUAL FREEDOM MOVEMENT

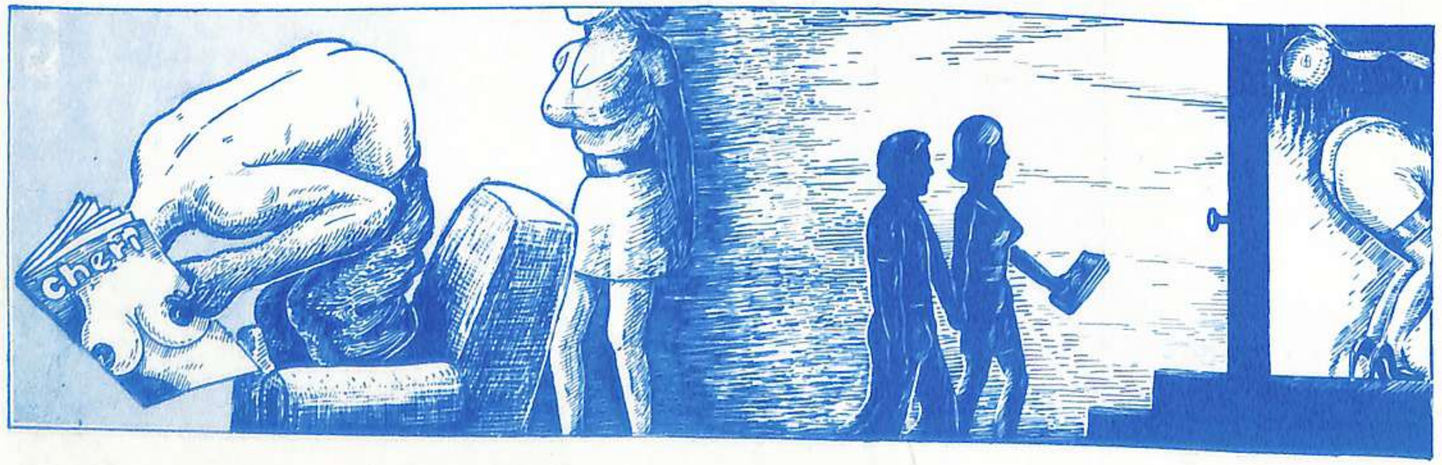
P.O. Box 7016, Cleveland, Ohio 44128; 200 couples, 200 active. Also listed as "Freedom Ohio" in various swing directories.

When Ralph Perk, Cleveland mayor, took his pornography poll recently to set community standards, he didn't ask voters what they thought of swinging . . . and we're glad, because this group is going to need a low profile to keep functioning if the pressures on sexually active citizens gets any heavier in Ohio.

A congenial, party-house atmosphere allows couples who so desire the freedom to swing on premises. The passwords for admission: "Keep the Cuyahoga burning," and "Yes, I've got twenty dollars."

For you confirmed swingers who are tired of ripoff, fly-by-night swinging operations, this little club offers six years' experience in the field and promises many more. New couples attend regular weekly functions designed to elicit "a balance of social and/or sexual interaction . . ." Membership is open to those 21 years or older, and members fall mostly into the 25 to 45 age range. "Couples only."

Gurbo



EDITORS' CHOICE

SWING ADS

One of the biggest problems encountered by dedicated swingers is the colossal amount of time wasted answering worthless or bogus personal ads.

Couples involved in swinging can tell you zillions of horror stories resulting from the usual practice of responding to personals on a more or less blindfold-and-stickpin basis: Magazines which take your money and don't forward mail; Magazines that run fake ads; Single gals who turn out to be hookers; Skinnies who turn out to be fatties; Youngies who turn out to be centenarians.

Beginning now, CHERI hopes to start providing a solution for you beleaguered swingers. We've asked dozens of established swing publications to provide us with the following information:

1) The ad that gets the biggest response.
2) The kinkiest ad.
3) The ad that readers feel gives the best response.

Each month, we'll offer the choice ads of America's finest swing magazine editors. If you run a swing magazine or newsletter—or if you know someone who does—tell them to contact Peter or Mike here at CHERI and we'll run their favorite selections.

For you novices out there, please remember that swing publications are a business. Magazines *charge* for forwarding your mail to the advertiser. Do *not* send money to CHERI, send it to the magazine that runs the ad. They will forward your letters to the pornpals of your choice!

Let us know what happens. We want to know whether these editors are feeding us true information. We will also pay $100 for the best true story (500 words or less) by a reader describing a scene that happened as a result of one of these ads.

DIRECTIONS FOR RESPONDING TO PERSONAL ADS

1. Write a separate letter to each personal ad you wish to respond to.
2. Place each letter in a separate envelope and seal.
3. Print code # of personal advertiser in upper right hand corner of envelope.
4. Enclose all envelopes you wish to forward in one larger envelope, addressed to the Swing Magazine in which the ads originally appeared.
5. Include one loose postage stamp for each letter and the amount of payment required to forward each letter. Do not send cash!

RULES

1. Swing Magazines will not forward or accept any letters from anyone under 21.
2. Most Swing Magazines will cooperate with the post office, as it is unlawful to send any obscene letters or photographs through the mail!
3. This magazine assumes no responsibility in any shape, manner or form for transactions between advertisers and readers!

NEW YORK CONNECTION, P.O. Box 21510, S. Euclid, Ohio 44121 (Enclose $2.00 per inquiry.)

LOOKING FOR NEW FRIENDSHIPS
NY-10105—I am 32 yrs. of age, divorced, weigh 100 lbs., 5'5", and have blue eyes, and blonde hair. I would like to hear from white males, 30-40. MIDDLETOWN, N.Y.

SEXY, SMOOTH COUPLES NEEDED
NY-10181—Sexy, smooth couples & capable, skillful men are needed for Rochester couple. Photo's required. Also swap pictures. Photo nuts. She is 36C, very responsive, experienced, but still shy. Both love French. Would prefer 25-47. Black is fine. ROCHESTER, NY

EXCITING BLONDE
NY-10179—Exciting blonde well built, would love to be used by couple. SASE please. NEW HYDE PARK, NY

MICHIGAN CONNECTION, P.O. Box 21510, S. Euclid, Ohio 44121 (Enclose $2.00 per inquiry.)

ANXIOUS TO MEET COUPLES
MC-10475—Couple would like to meet other couples near our age. She late 40's, he early 50's. Photo, address and phone if possible. Discretion please. MT. CLEMENS, MICH.

FLINT AREA
MC-10468—Couple interested in meeting other couples, 24-25 yrs., for closed door swinging. We are caucasion both 31. She 5' 2", 37-25-36, 128 lbs. He 5'8", 170 lbs. No pain, drugs or Greek. Race no barrier. Photo, phone & address assure fast reply. FLUSHING, MICH.

NEW TO SWINGING
MC-10471—Attractive young couple new to swinging, 24-33, seek fun-loving people. May swing together or separately. Frank photo, phone & letter. Help, write soon. WARREN, MICH.

ILLINOIS CONNECTION, P.O. Box 21510, S. Euclid, Ohio 44121 (Enclose $2.00 per inquiry.)

TWO GALS, QUAD-CITIES
IC-10410—Black & white roommates, I am 28, she is 26. We wish to meet couples, singles, straight or otherwise, guy or gal for adult entertainment. Can travel on notice or meet in privacy of my home. Intelligent, sincere replies only. Send letter, photo & phone for S/D reply. Send $5.00 for 12 action photos of both. We are into photos, B/D, Greek, French & wish to experiment with broad-minded people. DAVENPORT, IOWA

CENTRAL ILLINOIS
IC-10412—Wife wants super hung guys to strip, French and ball her while husband watches. Photo a must. She 29, 5'2", 36-26-38, 130 lbs. Couples welcome. SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

WHITE REDHEAD LOOKING FOR BLACK MALE
IC-10408—6'1" or more, well groomed who can enjoy deep penetration loving with extremely long lasting female. Must be attentive, fun-loving. Age 35-45. Discreet mutual respect & tenderness asssured. Send letter & phone. CHICAGO, ILL.

PENNSYLVANIA CONNECTION, P.O. Box 21510, S. Euclid, Ohio 44121 (Enclose $2.00 per inquiry.)

CLEAN WHITE HOUSEWIFE
PC-10451—47, 125 lbs., seeks well endowed safe male for extra adult fun. Photo please. Husband approves. Must be careful, selective. PITTSBURGH, PA.

WANTED BI-FEMALES
PC-10441—A warm, wet, beautiful pussy and a stiff, hard, long, thick, cock are waiting for you to respond to this ad. We are a beautiful erotic couple looking for beautiful bi-females who know how and love to eat, suck, fuck all night long. He 30, 160 lbs., 6', with 12" & thick. She 25, 110 lbs., 5'5", with a hot cunt. We also love taking photos and watching. Phone and photos please and you will receive same. PITTSBURGH, PA

MIDDLE AGE CAUC. COUPLE
PC-10442—Considerate, inexperienced, seeking similar attractive couple or male for threesome. All erotic adventures welcome except pain. Discretion must be assured. Photo appreciated, phone a must. NEW BRIGHTON, PA

THE GROUP, 6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90028 (Please enclose 50¢ per inquiry.)

#1 Foxy gal has photos to sell—bondage, party or you name it. 12 4x5 glossy prints for $5, sample photo $1 also personal goodies. Include stamped, self-addressed envelope for details . . .

#2 Dominant Lady will meet or correspond with docile males. Love TV's, water sports and related activities. All mail answered immediately.

#3 Kinky couple seeks other couples and single men to join our group. Must be ready for bondage games, S&M and crossdressing parties. Bi gals also needed . . .

COCK ART GETS SOME CLASS

Sweet Pie claims he is "the only nudist in the world who lives cheek to cheek with reality."

[illegible] A. Bologna

Sweet Pie gathers invitations to play a garden club.

HANG IN THERE
SWEET PIE
ANNABELLE— ENJOY YOUR SLICE OF THE PIE

Erotic art shows in New York City that brought the low life and the high life together in the late Sixties when such entertainment was "in," tried for a comeback recently when Robert Schafer's Soho gallery (71 Greene Street) offered an "Evening of Erotic Fantasy."

The show was tame, of course—not up to CHERI's rigid erotic standards—but our campy crew managed to get bombed on champagne-soaked strawberries, while the inimitable Sweet Pie burst forth with bare-assed boogie woogie for the gallery's otherwise genteel clientele.

More interesting than the show, which included fashions from "famous-name designers," is Sweet Pie's current case against the State of Vermont, where he is from. A confirmed nudist, Sweet Pie's trip focuses on nude piano playing and a sing-song approach to Lenny Bruce humor that has the Vermont State Liquor Authority up in arms against bars where he plays. He's obscene, so they say, and they have taken away at least one liquor license from clubs where Sweet Pie has played. Needless to say, Vermont bar-owners aren't thrilled about the prospect of losing their stock in trade, no matter how funny Sweet Pie might be on their stage.

As a result, Sweet Pie claims, whereas Vermont bookings used to be 80% of his business, they are now down to about two percent. His case, now in appeals court, is based on the fact that the SLA is interfering with his right to earn a living.

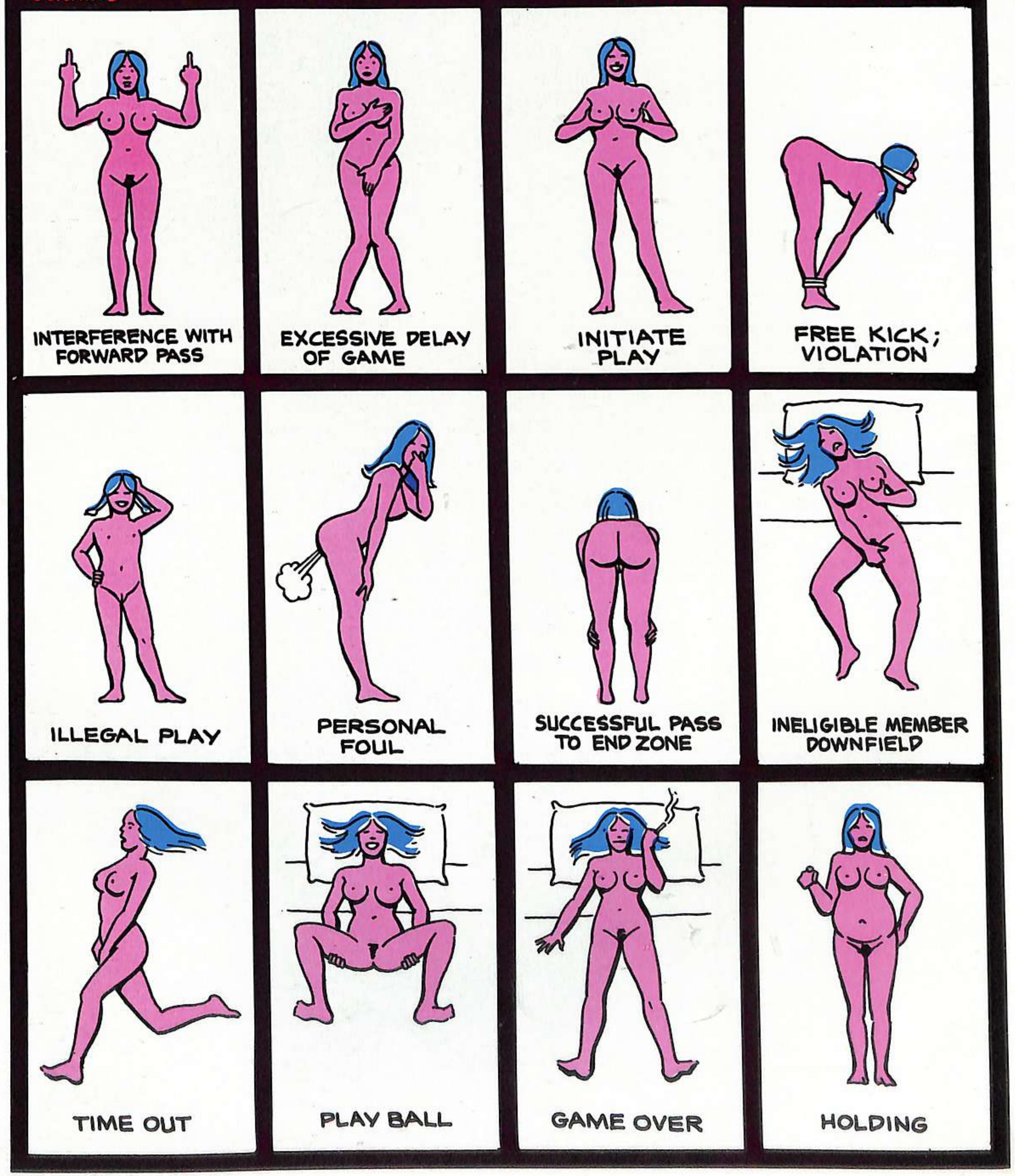
That aside, the art gallery's fashion show rivalled only the straitjacket demonstration we saw last year in Hamburg. What could be easier to slip out of, for example, than a loin cloth, unless cool weather keeps you in satin—the only thing these models were there to wear.

"Momma told me there'd be dolls like this . . ."

"Nothing could be fin-a, than a satin-lined vagina . . ."

OFFICIAL NLF SIGNALS

* NATIONAL LEAGUE OF FUCKING


Schnürr
INTERFERENCE WITH FORWARD PASS
EXCESSIVE DELAY OF GAME
INITIATE PLAY
FREE KICK; VIOLATION
ILLEGAL PLAY
PERSONAL FOUL
SUCCESSFUL PASS TO END ZONE
INELIGIBLE MEMBER DOWNFIELD
TIME OUT
PLAY BALL
GAME OVER
HOLDING

SEXPO '77

Midwest X-Perts Convene in Chicago

By Andrea Ambers

Sexpo conventioneers from l to r, host Mike Sawyer, Andrea Ambers, Cheri Bomb and New Pink editor, Irv Karchmar.

Photos by Peter Hurd

Mike Sawyer, your average, middle-aged ex-Hebrew-schoolteacher-turned-sexual revolutionary, greets us with a bear hug and a friendly smile.

"Welcome to the Midwest Sexual Lifestyles Convention," he announces, waving his arms about the crowded ballroom. "Enjoy . . . enjoy but don't go doing anything nasty now. I know how you CHERI people are always digging for sexy stories, but you must understand that this convention means serious business. We're a new breed, not just your usual sexual stereotypes. . . . Hey you there, photographer fellow," his head swirls about in the direction of my somewhat sloshed but always snapping friend and photo editor, Peter Hurd, "Don't you go taking any of your usual kind of pictures here . . . be good . . . be good . . ."

His sentence trails off as he scurries towards a group of friends who'd been frantically motioning to him from a booth draped with "SATISFACTION THROUGH SWINGING" posters.

We stand in the center of the convention hall, dumbfounded and excited. Sexual history is being made, and you know CHERI was right there on the scene.

Here are the basics. First off, the "we" in this adventure is our house photographer, Mr. Passport to Pink himself, Peter Hurd; Cheri (60—count 'em, 60-inches) Bomb, music editor and former centerfold sensation, and me, Andrea (34—count 'em, 34-inches) Ambers. The place is Chicago (at a Howard Johnson's, no less) and the event is the ultimate in conventions (carnal or otherwise): the Midwest Sexual Lifestyles Extravaganza.

Now, as you sex-starved swingers are well aware, CHERI Magazine has been covering sexual happenings all over the nation. From nude bathing in Riis Park, New York, to a forest in Oregon where a CHERI model attempts to tie her labia around a Douglas Fir, I mean *we* have seen it all! However, never before have I seen anything like this packed hotel ballroom filled with sexual conventioneers. It was wild, wonderful and extremely informative (even for a cosmopolitan sexophile like myself—alright, so I thought "water sports" had something to do with playing Marco Polo—big deal).

The conference was sponsored by Mike Sawyer, really a Sunday School teacher who heard the call and dropped out to find lust and loot in the sexual freedom movement. Mike, whose erotic enlightenments take form in the monthly swinger's periodical, MIDWEST HOT-LINE, was kind enough to contact CHERI and invite representatives down to report on the conference and to participate as exhibitors. Cheri, whose middle name would be "Exhibitor" if it wasn't "60 Inches", offered to man the CHERI booth and hand out personally autographed boob-baring photos to the hoards of happy conventioneers who swarmed about her zip-down leotard. I left her as she was explaining to a collection of concerned carnalites that "No, I can't throw them over my shoulder like a continental soldier," and, "Of course I'd be happy to sign an additional photo for your mother in the hospital—named Big Ed?"

Grabbing Peter

(Continued on page 88)

Midwest conventioneer tells why all roads lead to swinging.

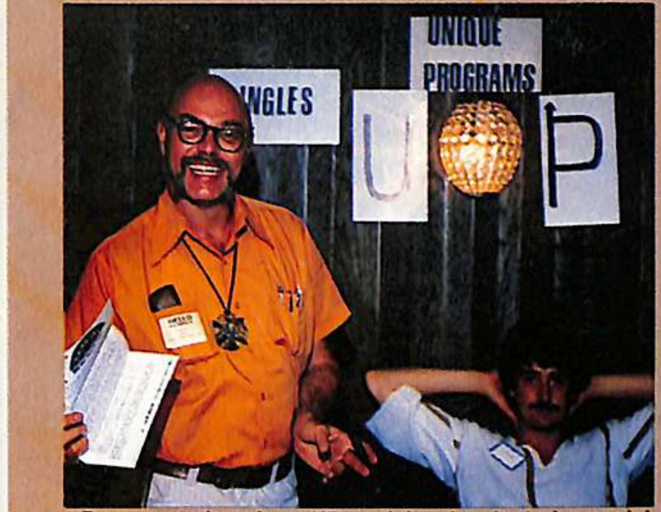
SWINGING INFO
EXECUTIVE No.

Two 'big' reasons to sign up with ScreenDate (and he's not one of them).

ScreenDate

Big Mama shows Andrea her swinging ad in the Midwest Hotline.

AMERIcheri

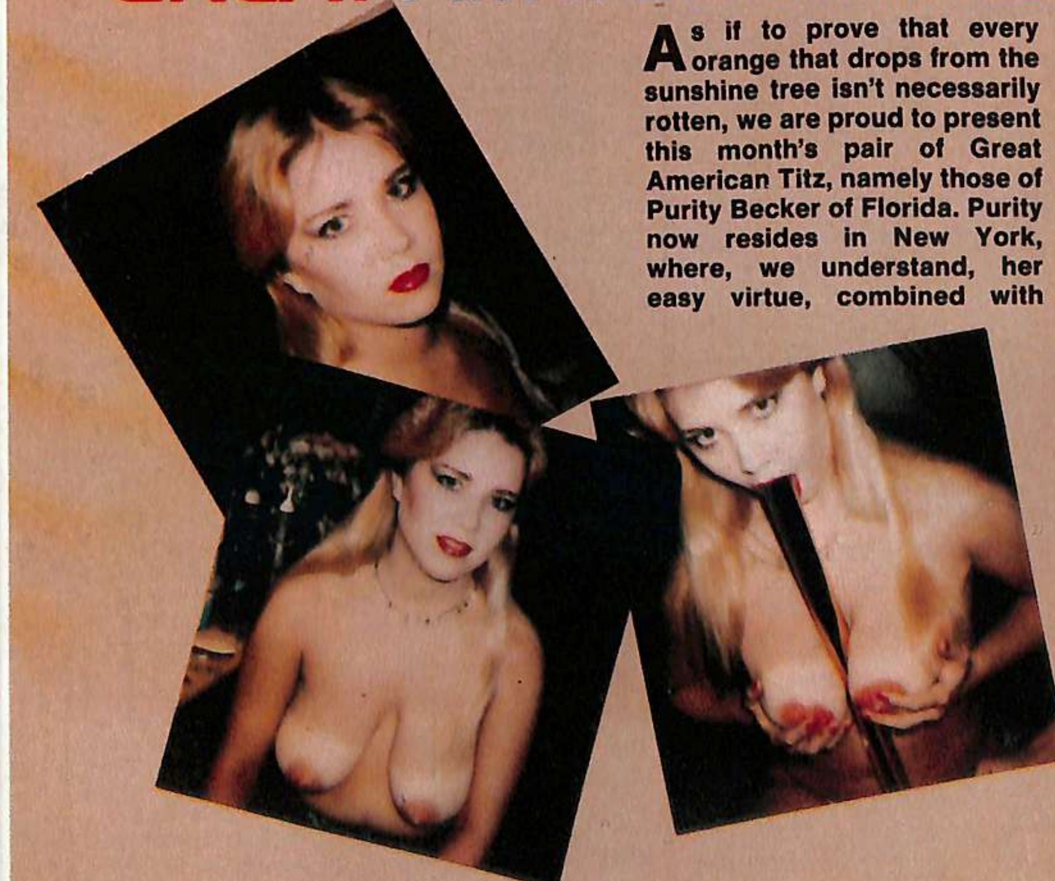


Representatives from UP explain why single is special.

Rendezvous

A swinging smooch at the Rendezvous booth.

GREAT AMERICAN TITZ



As if to prove that every orange that drops from the sunshine tree isn't necessarily rotten, we are proud to present this month's pair of Great American Titz, namely those of Purity Becker of Florida. Purity now resides in New York, where, we understand, her easy virtue, combined with her massive bazoongies, are earning her big bucks. While it is undoubtedly true that Anita Bryant has given all Floridians a bad name, it is gutsy types like Purity who are saving that state from the sexual scrapheap. Meanwhile, we'd like to seize this opportunity to reopen our never-popular Great American Titz campaign. You readers are all urged to send us nude pictures of ladies with really large bosoms *or* to send us names and phone numbers of similarly endowed ladies who wouldn't mind being photographed for this mag. All you have to do is get their consent *before* a) you send us their picture or b) you send us their phone numbers. We also run a Great American Clitz contest which features lovebuttons throughout the land. If you send pictures, include the chick's address and phone number, so we can send her a model's release.

LETTERS ...

(Continued from page 7)

Annie: "Fly me . . ."

table, and then began kissing and fondling each other. Annie sucked Cindy's boobs and fingered her, and then Cindy reciprocated—really a mouthful in the process. Annie then proceeded to suck Cindy's cunt—a lovely sight, as Cindy is shaved perfectly smooth. The girls then '69d', Cindy pausing long enough to give me a little head in the process. Annie came up for air to say that if I wanted to fuck either of them—to do it!

After fifteen minutes of watching them dine, I had a hardon that was almost painful. I fucked Annie first, then Cindy, and then Annie again. Finally, I lay on my back, Cindy climbed on, and we rode together to a mutual orgasm so loud with groaning and screaming that I was sure the management would break the door down to check on our safety.

I was satisfied, but the ladies then climbed into the tub and finished with a mutual golden shower, a first for me in person. Two hours after I entered the plush parlor, I staggered out, smiling with the memory of a true day of debauchery.

To all those of you out there who don't believe that porn stars/authoresses are people—fun, sexy and horny as hell—all I can say is I wish you'd been there that day. Like me, you'd now be a believer. To Cindy and Annie—I'll be back before this is published, and let's do it again!

M. (Austin, Texas)

Hobbyists

the same one reserved for everyone who enjoyed publications such as yours up until a few short years ago. I think you'll agree that that is not what you or your readers are, nor what you want to be regarded as. While it is true that we trade a lot of faded photos, you must remember that for the most part that is all that's available. True, some may have been stolen, but few if any from someone's photo album. Usually it's some frustrated "Hobbyist" that is unable to pay the high cost (from $1.00 to $5.00 for each photo) of this material that rips off another "Hobbyist."

The term "Hobbyist" probably got started because of the large amount of time involved in seeking out the objects of our desire. Many hours are spent in libraries, poring over medical books and publications hoping to find a photo of an amputee woman (and hoping that some other "Hobbyist" hasn't beaten us to it). Hours are spent and miles are walked trying to catch a glimpse of some gal hobbling along on crutches. And always in the back of your mind is the prayer that some day you will find and meet the lovely one-legger that will treat you to the delight that has haunted you since the first adolescent stirring in your loins.

Things have gotten better in the last four or five years. It started with *Penthouse*, and the word that money is to be made from this fetish has spread. At least a dozen magazines have published letters from and about amputees (most are phony, but interesting, nonetheless). *Nugget* has published three pieces of fiction concerning the subject, and several "hardcore" publications have printed pictures (some of those faded dog-eared renderings you poked fun at).

Jeanne's recent movie is the first I know of to hit the theaters.

Speaking of the movie, I'm sure she doesn't spend her life poking her stump into vaginas and assholes, but that's about all she did in the movie. By the same token, you say she doesn't use crutches, and I'm sure she doesn't; but it would have been great to see some pictures of her with them—and for the same reason she used her stump for a dildo—to turn people on.

It is my sincere hope that you will be the first to come out front and admit that you are giving the "Hobbyists" what-they-want-because-they-want-it and for no other reason. I hope that you will make Jeanne's column a regular feature every month, and that you will center it around the amputee and her condition and not just mention it in passing, that you will seek out other models with the unique qualifications we "Hobbyists" desire.

Jeanne's column could become a major source of information about our unusual interest, and you would gain a sizable number of devoted readers.

I hope you will give us what we want, but in any event, thank you for what you have already given.

Sincerely,
G.M. Robinson
Hayward, CA.

Liz Goes Lez

(Continued from page 9)

over the word. But John doesn't fight, he just smiles and never gives in. Here I was, messing with the man's script, after I'd given my word—but it never occurred to me that my one pet hate would be in the dialogue. Of course he didn't budge.

"John goes farther than anyone I've ever worked with. My God, when Princess Coo-Coo went mad and started frothing at the mouth, I thought I'd regurgitate. Maybe if they just had white foam drooling out, I wouldn't have been so nauseated. But this goo was so—slimy, so ooky—just like snot. They made her so grotesque no one could look at her.

"What's strange is that the things John *thought* were gonna bother me didn't get to me at all. Once he had me lying nude on my stomach, in bed, asleep, not moving a muscle—and he released a bottle full of cockroaches to crawl over me. They had to do two or three takes and they thought I'd really flip out. But to me it was just a scene, and they were just cockroaches and he was totally in control."

Life on set, though, had an unsettling erotic ambiance somewhere between a piss-bar and a drag-queen tea dance. "You saw the 'girl,' so slim and beautiful, and they were all men—transvestites or sex changes. And the 'men' were all these macho bull-dykes. The instant you walked in you knew something was wrong. It was like everything was backwards, no matter how beautiful they were. I mean when they started out. John has this thing about making you look horrible—maybe it's his idea of glamour. I brought a very pretty platinum wig—my own hair is honey-blonde with highlights, just like Farrah Fawcett-Majors—and the first thing they did was string it around, drag it through the dirt, demolish it completely. Then they made me grow out my roots. But I shouldn't complain—at least I didn't get rabies."

At 51, Liz still has the comely chorine's body and true glamour puss of the top-billed burlesque queen she was thirty years ago. "She has that look of the '60s that I love," Waters has said. She also has the looks several dozen other people have adored, according to their needs. Liz has made a careful study of this response and can talk about it for just hours. "I remember," she murmured as the toll charges skyrocketed, "when I was only three or four years old, not even in kindergarten, and we were living in this old place in Arizona, and I'd go out behind the outhouse . . . I'd perform for the cornfield, just across the irrigation ditch. I'd take off my clothes and show what was under my dress. That's what I wanted to be—an exhibitionist who exposed herself for the world to see.

"Because people should have an obligation to good looks. If you're beautiful or handsome—do something with it! Like if you're, oh, a writer or something, your talent compels you to get it out. And that beauty is so perishable. It will gradually deteriorate and finally just go away.

"I felt I should share mine. The only fun in having anything is to share it. What good is a gift left in the closet? The more you share the essence of yourself, the more joy you'll get from it. Because living is definitely not a solitary thing!"

Who should know better? Save for her spell in solitary in the pen, this is a woman who is never, ever alone. People are drawn to her vibrant, hilarious, earthy forcefield as to a fire on a cold night, and after ten minutes of conversation it's completely understandable how she could go through seven husbands and incalculable hordes of admirers. Nobody couldn't love Liz Renay, even with clothes on, and her lovely largesse, onstage and off, is a great American saga of having too much to give. She finds "nothing wrong with displaying the human body—unless it looks bad. I personally will not perform in any kind of sex act—but if someone else wants to, that's his business. Sex is much too beautiful and a very private thing to me."

So she's been in various explicit films, wearing filmy negligees or peeking out of bedcovers and made two-and-three grand a week doing "artistic light comedy" burlesque. She also has an amazing career as a painter, selling some of her masterworks—all nudes, naturally—for as much as $5,000. Her home is chock full of the things, some six feet tall, with titles Evelyn Waugh could write entire novellas around: "Satyrs Chasing Wood Nymphs," for one.

Liz sees her life as an ongoing wonder-woman adventure story, with the forces of evil never far behind, but not really gaining, either. "I'm a positive thinker and a very happy person. You know, there've been some—um—limitations on my career, when I was first out of prison, when I was 'the notorious' Liz Renay. And other bad times. I'm thinking of calling my sequel *Shut Out in Hollywood, Robbed in Boston, Raped in Guam*. It all happened, and the last chapters are writing themselves, right up here in Vegas."

The original autobiography was, of course, the easy-readin' classic, *My Face For The*

(Continued on page 31)

THREE TURNS OF THE SCREW

Two acting amateurs from Connecticut play "Twist and Shout" in a unique new movie.

by Richard Milner

In the course of my rounds seeking out the new and bizarre for CHERI readers, I was visiting my favorite porno film producers, who shall be known only as Artie and Howie, in deference to their in-laws. As I entered their lackluster office, they were discussing newspaper ads for their latest epic with one of the art staff. "It's too classy," Howie was saying. "People will

think it's an art picture. Make the ad look a little crummier."

"I'm not sure I understand," the artist was saying. "This is the best picture of the girl in a bikini we have. You said the paper won't accept the nude shot."

"You've got a lot to learn about this business," said Howie. "Use the nude shot, then get some white ink and draw a bikini around her tits."

"But it'll never look right," the artist protested. "It will look like it's drawn in. It will look sleazy and cheap."

"Now you're getting the idea," said Artie. "And get rid of that fancy lettering. Our audience can barely read. One time we had a movie called 'The Molesters' and I heard a guy in front of the box office tell his friend he thought it was about Mole Men who burrow under the earth. So keep it big, keep it clear, and above all keep it cheap and sleazy."

The artist left mumbling to himself and shaking his head.

"Okay," said Artie, "you want to see something incredible? Come with me to the editing room."

We entered the room where an aging, dedicated porno editor emerged from an impossible tangle of film clips with a look of triumph on his face. "It's finished," he said, "it's really smooth now—take a look." We watched the illuminated screen on the editing machine.

There appeared an ordinary looking couple who were shedding their clothes and obviously about to screw. They were not your usual professional humpers, but had about them the unmistakable hesitancy of the *bona fide* amateur.

"They're husband and wife," Artie explained. "Watch what she does to his balls."

The couple kissed a few times, then knelt on the bed. The husband had unusually long, pendulous balls. His wife seemed fascinated with them. She took them in her hands and began gently to roll them around.

I looked at Artie. "So?" His eyes glinted malicious mischief. "Just wait," he said. And softly he began singing an old refrain I had not heard since my childhood at summer camp. "Do your balls hang low/Do they wobble to and fro/Can you tie them in a knot/Can you tie them in a bow?"

Then without warning, the woman on the little screen grabbed her husband's testicles and began to pull them and stretch them. She yanked them out about a foot and then began to twist them around in a full circle. She twisted them once, twice, three times, four times . . . I couldn't believe my eyes. I leaned back in the cheap, sleazy office chair. It fell over and broke.

Did you ever take a wet towel and wring it out by twisting it tightly four or five times in the same direction? How would you like someone to twist your balls around like that? That is exactly what this broad was doing to her old man's scrote. It looked incredibly painful, a torture you would not want to inflict on your worst enemy, or even on Tom Snyder.

Artie broke out into a broad grin as he noticed the grimace of sympathetic pain on my face. It was disgusting, it was sickening, it was nauseating. "I knew you'd like it," he said, "Now watch how the guy gets off."

There was no question but that the man was enjoying the ball twisting. His cock was hard as a rock. Now he lay down on his back while his wife continued twisting until they just couldn't be twisted one more time. Then she yanked him right up off the bed by his twisted scrote. "This is terrific, Artie," I said, "but I forgot to turn off my stereo when I left the house and if you'll excuse me I've got to . . ."

"Wait, wait," he stopped me, "there's more. Now he's going to fuck her with his cock *and* balls. Artie unwrapped a large hero sandwich and began to eat his lunch. Before I could think of another excuse to leave, the man on the screen began rubbing his balls with K-Y jelly. Then he shoved his cock into his wife, then his balls, one at a time, until his massive equipment was completely engulfed. They fucked in that position for awhile, and then he stuck his cock in her ass while his balls were still stuffed in her cavernous cunt.

"Okay, okay," I said. "We usually don't promote films or buy movie stills at CHERI, but this is so bizarre I think Peter Wolff he'll want an authentic interview to go with it."

"Can't," said Artie between bites. "Whaddya mean," I cried. "I have releases on the pictures," said Artie, "but they're a suburban couple, they live in Connecticut, he has a straight job, and they won't do interviews."

"Not even on the phone," I whined. "Not even on the phone. But I'll be happy to answer your stupid questions for you."

"Okay. How come his balls hang so low? Is that from all the pulling

(Continued on page 44)

My Week as an Obscene Phone Callee

By Mimi Mammari

like to sit on your face please
Carol Bouman

"HEY, LADY, I'D LIKE TO SIT ON YOUR FACE. PLEASE TELL ME YOU LOVE ME . . ."

The lady who volunteers to listen to off-color phone calls is in for a very odd time. It seems there are a lot of telephone-age Casanovas out there, from your normal, heavy-breathing four-letter man to a wild assortment of swingers, animal freaks, submissives, you name it. When *CHERI* magazine advertised the "Grunt Line" with my photo, the publishers hoped for a wide selection of calls. Well, they got it, with phone calls from as far away as Denver, Colorado, and covering states in the Midwest, Deep South, Industrial North, and the close-to-home Northeast. The phone rang constantly in my tiny office, and from the transcripts of my conversations I've picked the best and most representative to reprint here.

I should have known what I was in for when, early that

Illustration by Carol Bouman

from CHERI · June 77

WHAT'S NEW IN GRUNT CALLS

Ever since Sue Feele got booted upstairs, we seem to have lost contact with this nation's grunt-call population. In an effort to re-establish communications, we're happy to announce that for one week only we'll be installing the incredibly lovely Mimi Mammari (May, 1977) at one of our phones for the express purpose of finding out what's new in the world of the pornographic tinkle. If you've worked out any particularly gross or novel routines in the last few months, feel free to call Mimi at 212-983-5613. She will answer *only* that line, and *only* from 10 am to 5 pm (New York time) from May 3 to May 6. Your call will be recorded.

Monday morning, my very first call came in.

"Hello, Mimi? How's your pussy?"

"It's good enough to eat," I replied, momentarily off guard.

That call was from Pennsylvania. Right on its heels came this one from Manhattan:

"Hi, Mimi. I'd like to fuck you, I'd like to eat you out, sucking your nipples until they're hard, going down and sucking your clit, and putting my finger up your ass . . ." This went on for some time, and when I'd hung up I began to wonder aloud what I'd gotten myself in for.

There wasn't time to worry, though, because the telephone was ringing again. But I'd learned that you grunt callers out there can get pretty personal. In my "studded" career as a professional model I've had to answer hundreds of personal questions, but never like this.

For instance, I must have described myself a hundred times, even to men who were staring at my picture right there in *CHERI*; and as often as not, they were whacking away at the old whanger while they talked. There were dozens of requests for more photos, for movies of me, for posters of me (which don't even exist!), calendars, back issues, etc., etc., etc.

One fellow in Kansas City wanted to give me some "aural" sex. "I want you to rub the phone between your legs," he said. "I want to fuck your pussy." Maybe Ma Bell should design a "vibra-phone" for getting off by long distance!

Another man, calling from New York City, claimed to have organized a "Mystery Fuck Tour." Using a system of rotating "guides", the group would gather at some interesting spot such as the local cemetery, massage parlor, or high school gym, and fuck like bunnies. He had to get off the phone before he could leave his name, but *CHERI* is very interested in more information, and would be delighted to have him call back. Now *that's* our kind of people.

It was often hard to tell who was serious, and who wasn't. This caller from New Jersey had me going in circles:

"Hi, a friend gave me this phone number and said to call and be surprised."

"Oh, yeah? You've got a nice friend. *CHERI* wanted to find out what people were saying in their favorite grunt and groan calls, so we're giving them an opportunity to call and tell us."

"Mind if I was jacking off while I was talking to you?"

"No, but you'd have to do it in two minutes; we've had to limit the time because of the tremendous number of people calling in. Think you can get off in two minutes?"

"I'd like to shoot my cum all over your face. I'd like to fuck you in the ass. I'd like to tie you up a little bit, and make you beg to fuck me, things like that. How we doing on time?"

"Well, we have about a minute and a half."

"Well, I already came," he said, in a very satisfied voice.

"You did?" (Must be the fastest dick in the west.)

Other calls were slightly more involved. This nice man took me for quite a little ride:

"Hi, I'm Dr. Gene, from Texas, and I'm with the American Institute of Sexology. We're taking a survey on auto-eroticism in the female, and if you have a minute you could help us."

"Are you going to ask me to masturbate over the phone for you?" I asked.

"Oh, that, among other things," he hinted. "Well, we'll assume that I'm calling you early in the morning, and that

Continued on page 31

SWINGSHIFT / MIDWEST

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by BRITT LOVELAND

CUM SWING WITH ME

Britt Loveland and her husband, Brian, rose to fame quickly. Their winning entry in the Cheri Orchard Movie Contest catapulted them straight from their midwestern ranchhouse obscurity to the polluted, debased offices of CHERI, where they got a chance to act out their own scenario with co-star Annie Sprinkle. They adapted to the cultural shock instantly. Britt, who has appeared in amateur skin mag contests in the past, has also worked as a topless dancer, and is presently settling down to the swinging life of ease. Britt would love to correspond with her readers, and you can write her c/o CHERI.

photo by PETER WOLFF

Involving yourself in swinging doesn't resemble joining the local PTA or other action groups. One must be very stable, yet at the same time capable of becoming flexible enough to offset attitudes of intolerance.

The local PTA and other civic or non-civic organizations call for much interaction of both sexes. There is limited physical touching brought into play during such mingling and most everyone can handle the cordial hand shaking, hand holding, hugging and kissing. How many people would become uptight at the sight of their loved-one being kissed by a member of the opposite sex, and how many guys would glare at a scene in which the wife is kissing or being kissed by another female. Why, this sort of interaction among friends happens constantly and we hardly pay attention—why should we, it's no big thing.

Let's just imagine for a moment that you're standing in the middle of a large room, all around you are couples in varied positions and this conglomeration of swingers are fucking, sucking, cumming in about every way imaginable. You don't see your wife or, as the case may be, your girl friend, so you start a methodical search of the house. You probe into many rooms, marked by signs reading, "Fucking Allowed Here" but you don't find your mate on the main floor. Upstairs, you open a "fucking room" door and what to your wandering eyes should appear, but your honey with a cock in her mouth and one in her rear. Your sweet dear is getting off superbly with two studs. *Can you handle it?*

You're an attractive fox who has just been balled by a super guy who made the bed scene comfortable and exciting. You've both smoked a delicious cigarette, have done some rapping, but now that scene is over and you want to find your husband, or as the case may be your guy, so off you trot zigzagging around all the humping bodies. You don't find your mate among this main smorgasbord of cocks and cunts, so you push on to other rooms. You open a door marked "Private Fucking" and there is your husband stud lying on a bed. A pretty young thing is sitting on his face and he is accommodating himself by gorging himself on the gash before him. The fox perched on his face is keeping herself busy by stroking his cock and playing with his balls, but the action does not stop there. On the bed stands a giant of a man, cock-wise that is, and Mr. Big has his manhood deep into the mouth of Ms. Fox. She knows what to do and is doing it! She's so excited that she's moving her creaming buns all over your guy's face and is he digging it; he can't seem to get enough of her super wet pussy. *Can you handle it?*

Where you've just been is not another world. I'm not writing about a *Twilight Zone* version of *Family Affair*. The action scenes I've made you a part of are pure fiction, but for sure they are happening for real in bedrooms across the nation. Certainly, this swinging sexual recreation is not for everyone who humps and grinds. More and more couples are fucking their friends and enjoying their marriage or partnership more because of it.

With the upswing of swinging comes an upswing in the number of people who want to swing but feel unprepared to handle such an event. None of the articles written about swinging tell one how to ease into swinging, rather than jumping. You can thus save yourself from marital problems.

When you and your partner or mate are in bed, first and before you are hot, discuss with each other how each of you would feel watching each other have sex with another person. Avoid feelings of jealousy, or worse yet, rage. You must attempt to see the scene objectively, without dwelling on how your mate is getting off on that sexual action. Would it turn you on or off if your mate fucked another person, not for love but pleasure. If you have negative feelings, don't worry, almost everyone does initially.

Next, after you both are hot, discuss the idea of swinging again. Sometimes when you are sexually aroused, your opinions become less rigid. Test the feelings—can you turn on thinking about your mate screwing or eating another person? You may be surprised to find out that the prospect becomes more exciting once you are sexually aroused.

It may not work the first time you experiment, but try again and again. Start talking to each other, make up a story. Before Brian and I did any swinging, we used to lay in bed and take turns making up a story about fictitious swingers we were with, and it was extremely exciting. We had terrific cums while sharing our stories. It will take time, I did not accept the idea in the beginning, and the stories pissed me off *at first*, but give a little time.

"Proceed, With Caution" is a key to successful swinging. There will be much I have to say about getting set for swinging, but it will be given to you in monthly segments. I don't want to use up all the space of my column discussing preparations. I want to tell you seasoned swingers what's happening in various cities, let you take a look at some ads of noteworthy swingers, and give you information about some swinging clubs in various areas of the country.

I would like to be supplied with information of all types in the realm of swinging. If you have information about swinging clubs, swinging events, swingers' publications, swinging happenings and events, unusual swingers to interview, or anything else within the swing kingdom, just let me know by writing me through CHERI magazine. Let me know about swinging events as far in advance as possible, so we can get information in CHERI before the happening. I'll also welcome letters from anyone with personal questions about swinging with Brian and me.

I, KIM POPE

photo by Peter Hurd

Movie actress, director and producer, gorgeous Kim Pope is an articulate spokesperson for the whole prurience liberation movement. You saw her in Deep Sleep, *will see her soon in her latest,* Fan Bordello Baby. *Ms. Pope now divides her time between Europe and the States and welcomes letters mailed to her here at CHERI.*

PROSTITUTION, BIG BUSINESS IN A SMALL TOWN

by KIM POPE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

Early this past summer a friend Susan, an anthropology student turned call girl, and myself decided to take a long weekend off from the blistering heat and drive down to Amish country in nearby Pennsylvania. The Amish, for those of you who don't know, are those folk who fled Europe in the early eighteenth-century because of religious persecution and landed on these friendly shores. Sir William Penn had a few million acres of land that needed improvements, so he good-naturedly let them settle on a few acres. After all, you can't extract taxes from a tree, so why not let a few religious freaks move in. They were non-violent and good farmers even if they did name their towns funny names like "Blue Balls".

Pennsylvania Dutch country stretches from Harrisburg to Allentown, from Pottsville to Reading. It is one of the nicest areas in the United States. Everywhere you go there is something new to see. The people are very friendly and outgoing. Susan and I did our tourist thing and tried to see everything. We went through a one-room school house, rode on an old steam railroad, drove under a few covered bridges, and one afternoon we drove to a town called Bethlehem to see a restored eighteenth-century industrial site.

Getting back into the car after a really nice day of re-living a part of the past, Susan turned to me, with a mischievous grin on her pixie face, and asked me if I wanted to go next door to "Sin City". That is like asking me if I want to star in a movie with Robert Redford. I mean, it is not every day you get the chance to see a Sin City in the middle of nowhere.

Susan went to school in Allentown Pennsylvania, and while attending school there she started on her now chosen profession, being a call girl. I must add that Susan is very successful at what she does. The measure of her success is a beautiful east side apartment overlooking Central Park, a very chic sportscar, tons of clothes, and a passport, with more stamps in it than a diplomat's. She has a working book that reads like *Who's Who.* We had met in England a couple of years ago, and since have become very close friends. Susan told me she was born in South Philadelphia. Her father, whom she doesn't remember, died when she was five. Her mother was a school teacher. As there were three children in the family, her mother was hard-pressed financially, and when Susan went to college in Allentown she began looking for a job to help finance her education. She soon found out that jobs were hard to come by. One afternoon while walking through the Hamilton Street Mall looking for that elusive job, she saw a sign in an office window which read, "Girl Friday Wanted." Susan went in and asked for the position. It turned out that they wanted a legal secretary, so she didn't get the job. She did, however, get a date with the lawyer who interviewed her. Susan admitted that Mr. R., the lawyer, was the oldest man she ever dated up until that time. She accepted his invitation to dinner because he was very attractive and he had the air of success about him.

Mr. R. picked Susan up later that evening and they went to a cozy little roadhouse out by the airport. According to Susan, he was so goodlooking that her panties were wet from the time he picked up 'till he took her home and put eight inches of prime beef between her legs: "That guy fucked for three hours straight. We did things I had never even thought of before," she confessed. He was the first guy who ever came in her mouth . . . She loved every drop of it . . . When he left she was all but passed out on the bed, sort of cum-drunk . . .

Susan got up the next morning, after a night of dreaming of multiple orgasms. On the dresser was a fifty-dollar bill. At first she was embarrassed, then she became mad as hell. It wasn't until her third class of that day that the realization hit her. After classes she called Mr. R. and thanked him for being so nice. Mr. R. was delighted to hear from her, and yes, he would love to see her again that evening. When the appointed hour came, Mr. R. was greeted by a very sexy Susan. She was wearing a diaphanous, low cut, black negligee that showed off her 37-24-36 measurements. The lights were turned down low and the music was playing softly. Needless to say, it didn't take Mr. R. long to get in the mood. Susan got up from the couch and excused herself, telling Mr. R. to fix her another drink and to bring it into the bedroom. In the bedroom she disrobed and stretched her youthful body out on the black silk sheets, purposely bought for this evening's adventure. When Mr. R. came into the room and saw her, it took him about thirty seconds to get out of his clothes, jump into bed and bury his face between her wide-spread legs.

Mr. R. didn't last three hours that night, and Susan didn't get quite so worn out as the night before. Oh, he made her cum a few times, as he was a very practiced lover, but it still wasn't like the first time. This time her mind was more on that fifty-dollar bill he was going to leave on his way out the door. Sure enough, as soon as Mr. R. shot his last load, finished a cigarette, washed up and dressed, he took out his wallet and peeled off two twenties and a ten. Placing them in the dresser, he thanked Susan for the bedroom acrobatics and promised her he would see her again before the week was out.

Mr. R. became Susan's first "steady" and through him she met others. Soon Susan had the start of a very lucrative business. For the next three years Susan went to

(Continued on page 91)

Mistress Vickie

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by MISTRESS VICKIE

THE MISTRESS AND THE MASO

Not your average sweetheart Southern belle, folks. Miss Vickie, our nation's most devilish dominant, hails from Atlanta, where she's discovered there's gold in them there welts. You've thrilled to her beautiful brutality in our past two issues —and, as her cult of succulent young slavelets can assure you, she's only getting worse. Power corrupts, pain contaminates, passion cures all. Or maybe not—you'll never know, unless you write her here, c/o CHERI.

photo by PETER HURD

Training a new slave is like training a dog. Often mistakes are made and it's up to the stern Mistress to make sure these errors don't happen twice. Training a new submissive is a highly sensual and erotic experience. This month, I will explain to CHERI readers how Mistress Vickie introduces new slaves to the pleasure in pain.

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Miss Vickie had known for some time of her friend Lisa's hidden desire to be dominated. Miss Vickie had often teased Lisa about her hidden proclivities, suggesting in her arrogant manner that it would not take much effort to turn Lisa into a slave.

Just a glimpse of Lisa half nude was enough to turn Vickie on. She awaited Lisa's arrival patiently, wetting her lips. Lisa was prompt.

"Come in, Lisa." Vickie checked her out for signs and signals. Lisa stepped inside quickly, her eyes lowered and her face blankly downcast.

"So, you finally have become true to yourself, Lisa. You have wanted to be my bitch slave all this time, haven't you?"

Lisa whispered a barely audible, "Yes."

Vickie's voice boomed in reply, militant and cold as ice. "Get down on your knees, babe. I've been waiting for this for a long time, sitting around thinking up all the paces I could put you through. Why don't you start crawling into my living room while I tell you about the private party I'm having tonight. You, my sweet slit, will be the guest of honor."

With a violent tug on Lisa's long mane, Vickie brought their eyes into contact. "You *do* understand what that means, don't you, Lisa?"

Lisa stared back meekly. "Yeah, Vickie, I'll do anything you want."

"You fucking cunt, from this moment on you will address me as Miss Vickie!" She pulled Lisa's hair from the roots until she screamed.

"Now, take my clothes off slowly, and after you admire me, you can bury your face in my sweet snatch."

Lisa dug her tongue between Miss Vickie's pussylips with a flourishing relish. Vickie arched her back, giving Lisa a direct shot at her engorged clit. Lisa licked and tickled in circular movements, and finally came to suck on the bursting clit as if it were a lollipop. Miss Vickie was going out of her mind but would not show it, would not give her slave the satisfaction of a climax. Just at the crucial point of orgasm, she pushed Lisa away and stared into her face tranquilly.

"Go get us a drink, you know where everything is. Bring them into my bedroom."

When Lisa returned with the drinks she found Vickie hanging up on a phone conversation, with a sly sneer across her face.

"You and I are going to meet a slave friend of mine, only you, too, will be my submissive pet. Any idea of what you're in for?"

Vickie reached under the bed, laughing, and pulled out a paddle. Gently fingering the smooth edges, she sized Lisa up with her eyes.

"How long has it been since you've been spanked for being an asshole? Who did the honors—your daddy?"

Vickie smiled, not unkindly, taking delicate sips from her drink. "What is it, Lisa . . . you seem to have lost your tongue. Lie across my lap!"

An anxious blush spread evenly across Lisa's face at this embarrassing situation. "But, Miss Vickie, I'm not a . . ."

"*Now*, Lisa!"

Lisa quickly removed her clothes, and with some trepidation laid her ivory bottom across Vickie's knees.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. Lisa jumped up in fear.

Vickie was not surprised. "Don't worry, my pet, it's a friend of mine. I asked her to come over. She's into the scene occasionally, but she gets most of her thrills from taking indiscreet photographs. Answer the door and get acquainted with Jean."

Lisa ran for her clothes. "I'll just put on my coat."

"*What?*" shouted Miss Vickie. "You'll do nothing of the kind. Answer it the way you are!"

Feeling strange and freakish, Lisa opened the door and was startled to encounter an incredibly glamourous and together woman. "Come in," she said softly.

Jean decided to use sarcasm. "Well, well, you must be the latest star."

"My name is Lisa."

"It doesn't make the slightest bit of difference what your name is; the point is—have you ever been into the scene before?"

"Well, yes and no," Lisa offered.

"What the hell does *that* mean, 'yes and no'? Never mind, take my camera equipment and place it on the table. Okay, I give up. Where is Vickie?"

"Here I am chick, how are you? Come and have a drink with me. I guess you've met my little Lisa?"

They both eyed Lisa dubiously.

"Are you going to put her through the paces?" Jean asked.

"I thought we would start out slowly, it's her first time as a slave." Vickie winked and smiled. "We don't want to scare her, besides I really dig the chick. I'm going to turn her every way but loose making love to her, and I want you to take some pictures for my album."

"You and that album. Someday some straight old corny dude is going to find it and it's going to give him a heart attack," Jean said.

"One thing about it—when I'm 90 years old and some sassy little chick tries to tell me how hip she is, I'm going to tell her, 'Lay

(Continued on page 70)

DIVINE DECADENCE

BITCH BEHIND BARS

by MAUREEN MURPHY

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

photo by PETER HURD

Watch out! Maureen Murphy, our lifestyle analyst and bio-rhythmic bombshell reporter, has a lot of steam escaping in this column. Maureen, a magnificent model and astute editor, is our high priestess of the real reality, distilling her feelings about the half-assed hacks who hit on innocent, pleasure-giving people into one exploding blast. Hang on to your crotches, you guilty ones, and read and heed. Write Maureen c/o CHERI.

Lemme ask you a question. It's a kind of pop quiz—you remember old Pop Quiz, doncha? Sure. Here comes: have you ever broken the law, Sweetmeat? Hmmm? I bet that you have. You seem like the hip-and-with-it contemporary sort. In fact, if I know you as well as I think that I do, then I wouldn't be surprised if you are fucked-up on an illegal substance or two right this very moment. Why do I ask, you ask? Well, ask away; I have my reasons. My guilty conscience is goosing me into becoming (dare I say it?) Socially Relevant.

Right about now I suppose that you are wondering what sort of radical poop-a-scoop I am all worked-up over. I bet that you figure that a Porno Princess is a empty-headed fluff without a shred of scruples . . . you think that all I think about is more hung-dudes chewing on my bedposts. Oh, yeah? Well that doesn't mean that I don't care. I really *do* care. Really.

Well, I've been rolling around in my mailbag all morning and I keep finding more and more letters from prisoners. A lot of my fan-mail comes from prisoners; true-life outlaws and criminals just like you and me, except for the fact that they are behind bars of steel.

That brings us back to my original question. Mmm? The memory is the first to go, you know . . . you *can* remember my query, can't you, m'dearest? So, you break a few laws . . . what if *you* get caught? You'd end up in the lockup. You'd be in that same concrete boat that thousands of men and women are in right now! No shit, Sherlock!

Now wait a second! Don't throw down your CHERI! Hang on! *Uno momento, por favor!* I don't wanna lay a bum-trip on your beautiful horny head. I just want to put it to you that I think that it could just as easily be *you* facing the legal ream-out! It ain't just a matter of laws; it's a matter of victims and circumstances and all of that. Those are men and women that we've got locked up. And I bet that they are a lot like you and me.

All I know is that the horny guys locked up in steel cages, along with the horny guys guarding these steel cages, are all dying to make the squishy-squishy yab-yum with your very own West-Coast Dream-Date. They all want to do similar obscene acts with me under similar compromising circumstances, and I just don't know who the Good Guys are anymore! They are *all* so convincing!

Personally, I do worry a little about getting into trouble. As a native of Los Angeles, I am well acquainted with paranoia. But just because I'm a paranoid, that doesn't mean that there really aren't plenty of things out there in the real world that you *really* should fear. There's great danger abounding! It's a genuine jungle out there. You just learn not to let it screw you around. The real world is a hard, harsh place. That's why I stay out-of-it as much as possible. There *are* prisons out there. You break the law, get caught, you go to jail. Do not pass go. Do not collect two hundred dollars! I tend to dwell outside the law; there is a implied risk in my way of life.

I can see myself living in a dingy little cell, wearing a drab, tacky and dehumanizing uniform . . . having my choices pared down to the bone. Day in. Day out. It's an all day, everyday bummer with lines to stand in and rules to follow. A new social order to adjust to and try to live in. Bartering for survival. Yecch! Talk about your "occupational hazards!"

I think I'll skip that episode. Prison is a drag. Real punishment for a sensitive girl like myself—I'd never make it. Maybe if I was in with a real kinky and crazy roommate . . . nahh: I couldn't last. The chances for real happiness and the good life in that horrid environment seem rather slim, indeed. Only a spiritual fountain could groove in prison. Yeah, a spiritual giant or a charismatic, power-hungry, ass-kicker. I am not a leader, I am a lover. I don't like to be forced into sex, and I've heard all about the rape and shit that comes down in the can. No thanks! I'll stay clear of jail, thank you. I've been in jail; I can only imagine what prison must be like. A real picnic, no doubt.

Avoid the law, kids. They're armed and dangerous. Let's all stay fleet-of-foot and open-eyed, sexy and right-headed! It's easy to slip-up and get popped. The "big-house" is a pretty definite bit o' business!

Prisoners manage to survive, just like folks everywhere. But, jeepers, what a supreme bring-down . . . no freedom! What a nasty mind-fuck! What happens to their heads? What would happen to *your* little brain if you were plopped behind steel-bars, Kong? Oh, yeah? Well, that's where it's at for them. Crash, slam, and lights out, motherfuckers! Watch out for those rubber-bullets!

So, what are you gonna do when they lock you up? You can't jerk-off all day! So, after you finish with the hand-jive and my autographed photos, what are you gonna do? I know that you *all* won't turn Homo, so that leaves a whole shitload of dudes with a whole lot of time on their hands—wipe off your hands, first:

Here in my own hot-little-hand is a hot-little-photo of "The Folsom Prison Wrecking Crew." These handsome devils have gotten into body-building to help pass the time. They have managed to build themselves some foxy bodies, too. Hey guys, build a couple for me, okay? I usually don't get the urge for musclemen, but whew . . . keep those photos coming, boys!

So, what if you aren't the weightlifting type? You probably want to conserve some of your energy for when you make your daring prison-break to get back home to Maureen, who's been saving it for you all this time. Maybe going without female companionship will drive you to pencil and paper. Maybe you will write a great prison novel. (Yawn . . .)

(Continued on page 91)

KANSAS CITY STARK

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by JODY MAXWELL

SWINGING, MISSOURI STYLE!

Jody Maxwell, the marvel whose mouth has melted the meat of millions, writes an erotically exclusive CHERI orchard column on the nitty gritty Kansas City scene. Not only a first rate writer, Jody's juices have flowed in such epic porno flicks as Portrait, Expose Me Lovely *and—of course her singing debut in* Screw On Screen. *Ms. Maxwell eagerly awaits your cards and letters so send them in c/o CHERI.*

photo by Peter Hurd

Swinging has been the scene in Missouri, lately. What's the reason? Perhaps the most frigid winter in Missouri's history has kindled the desire for groups of hot, lusty bodies to party together. On the other hand, the warming weather trend and the promise of spring could have heated the sexual drives for group sex. Possibly it's been some of both, maybe neither. Whatever the reason, organized swinging by means of swingers' clubs has, so far, been a primary source of 1977 entertainment here in the heart of America.

Although there have been chapters of national swingers' clubs (such as V.I.P. Social and Travel Club) in Kansas City and St. Louis for several years, the popular clubs of late have been the independent ones. Independent clubs are found and run by locals in their own cities, and are not affiliated with any national clubs. Two current independent clubs which are considered "choice" by swinging East and West Missourians alike, are "P.A.J.K." (pronounced payjack) in St. Louis, and "Spirit of '76" in Kansas City. It is not unusual to find dedicated swinging couples from either side of the state belonging to both clubs. These couples think nothing of traveling the 252 miles from Kansas City to St. Louis, or vice versa, at least once a month, to attend the other club's function. They also attend at least one function a month on home ground, as well.

Of these 2 clubs, P.A.J.K. (the St. Louis club) is the older and better known. Their membership includes couples from South Carolina, Oklahoma, Illinois, Texas, and many other states, as well as many from Missouri. Several couples who are personal friends of mine belong to P.A.J.K., and say it is noted for its "beautiful people." In fact, one exceptionally good-looking, sexy married couple who are close friends, said that they drifted away from V.I.P. and toward P.A.J.K. because they found the swingers in P.A.J.K. unusually attractive physically, and fun to be with, too.

P.A.J.K. parties are always on a Saturday night and include cocktails, dinner and dance, with a first-class band. A typical example of a P.A.J.K. party was their Holiday dinner/dance recently held at a St. Louis motor inn.

After an excellent buffet dinner, the 200 or so couples in attendance drank and danced to a popular Missouri band in the motor inn's banquet room, until sometime late evening when couples gradually began disappearing and reappearing on the two floors of rooms reserved for the swingers' club. Then the fun really began!

People quickly removed their clothing as they prepared for the main entertainment of the weekend. And whatever energy shortage there is in other places, there definitely was plenty of "heat" being produced by all the bare bods in this motor inn.

It was a completely *open* party, and it was totally impossible to make an honest trip to the other floor, to check on a person's own group, without getting "bred" several times. One fellow told me it took him over one-and-a-half hours just to get to a room on the other floor to check on his friend's honey (at his friend's request) to see if she was okay, as it was her first large party.

In the process of his travels from one floor to the next, he was attacked, seduced and sucked by horny women of prey hunting the halls for the cocks of naked men.

After fulfilling the duties of a happy victim several times, he finally reached his destination. There he found his buddy's chick, the female novice, enjoying the total bliss of being in bed with four knowledgeable men. There were about a dozen other people in the room, too. Some were participating in sexual activities of their own. Three or four girls were watching his friend's honey and her four guys. One of the voyeuristic gals invited him to sit by her and watch. After commenting on the hot action a few times, she asked him if she could suck him while they watched. He suggested they do other things as well, but all she wanted was to suck him while watching the act. Like a true gentleman, he accepted her offer. I'm sure he's glad he did, because the gal gave him, perhaps, the best cocksucking he's ever had. (I must add here that I have never sucked this friend of mine).

While he was still being sucked, his friend's girl and her crew finished their act and some female-on-female action took their place. He told me his chick's passion and enthusiasm on his cock increased while watching those two gorgeous chicks 69.

After his climax, my friend picked up his weakened body and dead cock and looked for his buddy's chick who had disappeared again. Within a few minutes he found her. She was in the bathroom, in the bathtub, making it with two other chicks who were also in the tub! Seeing that she was in good hands, he quietly left and sneaked back down for some R and R.

My friend's experiences are pretty much the norm at a P.A.J.K. party. There was sex everywhere from rooms, to halls to bathrooms. A lot of it consisted of group sex, but there was an equal amount of one-on-one situations, and several of them occurred in the same room at the same time.

The "Spirit of '76" is a much newer club that was created during the Bicentennial Year by some dissatisfied V.I.P. members. The club usually meets at a suburban motor inn, in south Kansas City. Their functions are held on the second Saturday of every month, with few exceptions. The membership, like P.A.J.K.'s, includes people from other states, as well as locals and other Missourians, although they do have a good size member-

(Continued on page 31)

THE BEEHIVE

Philadelphia has always held a special place in my heart, ever since my days in the convent there. When I ran away from the convent I had a ghastly premonition that I would return to Philly as an entertainer and immediately get arrested for some kind of sex affair, which would disgrace and excommunicate me at the convent. That is why I cried my heart out when I was first arrested there for my burlesque act. I remembered back to that day—and what I had feared had actually come true.

Since then, however, I have learned the virtue of humility. They tried in vain to teach it to me in the convent. Out in the world you either learn humility or you might get killed. Yes, Holy Mother, I learned. I learned it so well that by now I can feel disgrace and not be bothered by it, because I know that what I do is not wrong, even though society has attached a stigma to it.

This column is devoted entirely to Philadelphia. I will go through my notes and try to tell of the many wonderful people and amusing things that happened the various times I have worked there. My dream symbols indicate I will soon get married, so I doubt if I will be working there again. But, Philadelphia will always be especially close to my heart.

Many of the customers returned to see me when I appeared there. I tried to give out as many autographs as I could. It was so touching to see them all.

A lot of them came in from other cities, many miles away. Allen, a Sagittarius, came in from Harrisburg, 156 miles away. He won a copy of CHERI when he "Stumped the Cunt". He drove over 300 miles, round trip, to vie for my puss-popping ping-pong balls with his teeth.

Chaddy and a lot of the guys came over from the Highland Tavern in Gloucester, New Jersey, and Jimmy "The Fox" was there with Linck, who said he ate some baloney out of a girl's pussy in Trenton. Another guy, named Joe, said I should give my pussy an Alka-Seltzer after making those peanut butter pussyburgers with it.

Dave and two guys, both named Bob, shouted, "Fire at Will!" when I was blowing pussyfarts. I was delighted to hear that they were from Pittsburgh. Gibby, at the Palace Theater there, had forewarned these guys that I could fire supernatural pussyfarts at will.

Dan, Joe, Dennis, Ed and Mike were there from Norristown, livening up the show, as well as John, Cork and Andy from Mevia, Pennsylvania. Bob, Jim and Dick dropped in from Springfield. Andy said I shot Jergen's lotion out of my puss straight into his potato chips, making them salty, soggy slabs. I noticed that he ate them anyway. Disco Duck and Cliff, from Detroit, stopped in to see me after a ballgame. A lot of athletes were around. One very good-looking guy said he was "rookie of the year" and gave me his autograph. I don't know in what year he was the rookie.

photo by PETER HURD

What kind of girl would make a living twanging golf balls out of her twat, puffing cigars in her puss and spouting Jergen's lotion like an upside down Old Faithful? Who but Honeysuckle Divine, the world's most soulful stripper, whose monthly—in every sense of the word—misfirings have graced our pages and confused our priorities for almost a year now. Write her c/o CHERI, especially if you have a juicy dream for our pussy-popping pretty to analyze.

PHILADELPHIA, THE CITY OF *HONEYSUCKLEY* LOVE

by HONEYSUCKLE DIVINE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

Most of the audience was younger than me, which brought out the best of my famous maternal instincts. One guy yelled out, "Hi, Grandma!" I couldn't let that go by. I pointed at him, smiling. "That's my grandson over there. He sure does eat his granny's pussy good!" Of course, his friends got a laugh out of that. Another guy asked me if I still get my periods. I told him I'm not *that* old!

Everyone kept the show rolling: Tom from Shamblee, Georgia; Studly Hung Well from North Carolina; Chuck Horsecock, Kentucky Stud; Bob From Between His Mother's Legs, and Ron, who said that if I wrote about him I would ruin his political career.

Tommy, Eddie, Joe and several others sucked on ping-pong balls immediately after they popped out of my crusty oven. Eddie even asked to dip a cookie in my puss. After he finished eating the cookie he started sucking on the mop handle. I had mopped the floor with it in my puss. Look out for Larry from Havertown; he is another mop-handle-sucker.

A lot of guys who said they worked for the Alaskan Pipe Line were there, making cute "urt, urt, urt" seal noises.

Pat, an avid CHERI fan, who had written to me after reading my column, stopped in and won the "Stump the Cunt" contest. Joe was another cunt-stomper, who even smoked a cigarette after my puss had puffed away on it. I was delighted to see Joe later on the street. I saw my customers everywhere I went. One guy stopped me on the street to tell me that he gave an enlarged picture of me and my ping-pong balls to the captain of the ship he worked on.

Lou was another cunt stumper. His pals Joe and Dave read CHERI regularly. They said Dennis was a picture freak, but they dumped on their friend Chuck. They said he preferred looking at the pussies on bears.

One guy, named Joe, got Jergen's lotion squirted up his nose and all over his forehead, propelled straight from my everlovin' puss, and he refused to wipe it off. He left the show walking proudly, carrying his filmy gookface with grace.

A lot of guys in the audience received pussyburgers that week; among them, Steve from Channel Six and Eight on CB radio. He does "body work" in South Philly. Steve and his friends were very lively. He promised to get the October issue of CHERI to see if I really put his name in it. I take a lot of notes during my shows, and some people think I can't possibly get all their names in.

They said so many sweet things. Mike said I farted so loud it made his socks fall down. Steward, from Norristown, said he needed earmuffs. Butch, from Lansdale, and Harry and Mickey (Mouse) from Olympia ate pussyburgers, I think. I can't be sure, because my notes become a little garbled at this point. I have Butch listed as "get it all, inside out,"

(Continued on page 90)

THE SLAVE TRADE

Ever been flagellated by God? Job was . . . and this past month, I have been, too.

Here I had this great job for lots of money and a chance to use my *mind*, too, when all hell broke loose. First, I got pneumonia, which I had had for about two weeks before I found out what it was. Then, while I unknowingly ran around with pneumonia, thinking it was just a bad cold, while I trucked to political meetings every night, and worked every day, I smashed up my car with my best friend in it.

I was apartment hunting, looking for a place near my new job, and I took my friend along to help me decide on a place. I pointed out a house I was considering, when my friend suddenly yelled, "Look out!" As I did, I suddenly found myself facing the rear of a parked car with no way of avoiding it. The next minute found me staring at a windshield cracked into a fine network of lines, fervently wishing for the power to turn back the clock five minutes. But, as Omar Kyam says, "The moving finger writes and having writ, moves on." I turned to look at my friend, who was busily reassuring *me*. Blood was streaming down her forehead.

Next, the neighbors took over and bandaged my friend, called AAA for me and an ambulance for her, and generally treated me better than I deserved after I drove onto their street and smashed into one of their cars. I had my car towed to a body shop in my neighborhood, where I was told I could have the car back in driveable condition in five days.

So I started using the bus to go to work. Taking a bus any great distance in LA is a job in itself. Don't try it with pneumonia. At the end of the five days, I went back to the body shop, walking painfully on legs that were achingly tired. My car had not even been touched! I freaked. The boss told me that someone had quit on him, but that the car would be ready in another four days. When I got home, I took my temperature and found I had a high fever. The next day I went to the doctor.

I had the naive notion that I could rest and recover while my car was being repaired and that we might both be back in shape in a week. I was wrong on both counts. Not only did my *body* take over two weeks to recover, but the *body shop* kept giving me new deadlines for my car, none of which they took seriously. After about three weeks—I had already lost my job—I got my car back, but the key to the door was missing.

The very first night I had the car back, it was stolen. The same day I discovered my car stolen, I tried to call the police and discovered that my telephone didn't work.

I also wanted to go downtown and put a "stop" on the check to the body shop, as I felt they were morally and legally responsible for the theft by their negligence in losing the key. So I called the cops and a friend of mine from a neighbor's phone, asking the friend to come and get a written note to take to the

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

by TERRY KOLB

TERRY GETS LICKED

Terry stays on her knees a lot, which gives her a particular view of the world. Crooning "Love Hurts" in a way Linda Ronstadt would never understand, she's founded the Maochist Lib section of the NY Eulenspiegel Society and has the welts to prove it. Submissive, given to voluptuous surrender and many splendored bruises, she demurely awaits your communications at CHERI.

photo by QUEEN ADRENA

bank. He came over while the cops were very routinely and listlessly taking the information. He told me he had seen my car a few blocks away. Apparently, some kids had borrowed it only for a joy ride.

I'll spare you all the pukey little details I had to contend with during this incredible period of bad luck. There was so much negativity that I seriously considered the possibility of being under a hex, and started looking around for a witch who could neutralize it. In the end, I could not even collect unemployment, for a reason so stupid I will not even dignify it by going into it.

There is only so much that even a masochist can take! My eyes focused on a copy of *Free Press*, a publication which had impressed me with its many fascinating sex ads when I had first come to L.A. By now my eyes are jaded. It's all old hat. But I needed money and the *Free Press* does have ideas on picking up some fast bucks. There were three ads for submissives in the Help Wanted section. I called them. One didn't answer, and the other two had answering services which took my number and promised to call me back. Unsatisfied, I turned to where the B&D houses advertised for customers. The Chateau's ad appealed to me, so I called them and asked if they had any openings for a submissive. They gave me an appointment to come in and apply on the following day.

That night, with a feeling of joyful anticipation, I shaved my legs for the first time in months. I also lit my candles and burned some incense. Then I realized how long it had been since I'd felt like indulging in these little luxuries. Surely I had come to a good decision.

The following day, I drove to the address in West Hollywood. Unlike the House of Dominance, the Chateau did not look like a business at all. It was in an apartment house. I hesitated about knocking. This seemed too private. But I went in anyway.

A tall woman in a cotton dress let me in. It is always more reassuring to see another woman in a situation such as this. She led me into a gracious living room, to a sofa where a very good-looking man with a well groomed beard sat motioning me to join him. The woman, who introduced herself as Kalleen, offered me a cup of coffee. That is also reassuring. Coffee is such a *civilized* drink.

Sir James, the man on the couch, seemed to know *all* about me before I told him. He knew about Jack, my former master of a few years ago. He knew what my scene was. He even knew I had been branded. I was amazed. Nothing was going as I had expected. For one thing, the people at the House of Dominance had convinced me that all other B&D establishments were sleazy. I had expected to meet some pot-bellied manager in a sweatshirt at a front desk in a dingy massage parlor-

(Continued on page 98)

SUE FEELE, SUPERSTAR

Dear CHERI subscribers, and all of you who read this rag in your friends' johns—I've decided that since all the other columnists are keeping you abreast of the current sex scene, I might as well let you know what you missed while you were fondling your wee-wees in the bassinet and whiling away time on the potty. If you think that all that happened during the Eisenhower years were the *McCarthy hearings* and the *cha-cha-cha*, you're obviously not hip to a weird *menage a trois* called Kukla, Fran and Ollie, and a lot of other strange shit.

Contrary to popular opinion, sex flourished in the fifties, only we didn't learn about it in the classroom.

Today, children are initiated into the adult mysteries in church-sanctioned sex-education classes. By the age of eight, they are able to render very accurate and colorful cray-pa drawings of fallopian tubes and *vas deferens*, and tell you in utter seriousness how the daddy lies on top of the mommy and the daddy's sperm swims up to meet the mommy's waiting egg. Very impressive, but not much fun.

Now when *I* was a kid, I knew plenty about sex by the age of eight, but I sure as hell didn't learn it in school. Or at home. When I was ten, my mother thoughtfully presented me with a book entitled, "From Little Acorns", which told you how oak trees made it. They threw in a line at the end that said, "Human beings fertilize in much the same way." I gave the book back to my mother and told her the facts of life, which, as a street-smart kid, I had long since learned.

My chief mentor, and best friend, was Lois Staretsky, who could touch her nose with her tongue and had discovered that boys would buy you *Hershey Bars* if you let them look up your dress. That was my first glimmer of pussy power, and I tried it, achieving only minor success, in the form of a half-eaten box of *Jujubes,* which wasn't bad for the ugliest kid in the neighborhood.

I was informed of how people "do it", (Fifties terminology for fucking), by Junior Hernandez, who had heard all about it from an unimpeachable source—his sister Audrey—who was humping all the cops in the neighborhood.

My first reaction to this bit of news was, "Ugh, yeccch, feh, how disgusting!" But I can't say I was really surprised. I had long since resigned myself to the fact that most things adults do are either disgusting or stupid, an opinion that has only been reinforced with time. The thing that bothered me most about fucking was, 'what do you say to each other after you do it?' I figured that you just pretended that it had never happened (which seemed to be the best way to deal with it), or apologized profusely to each other and swore to sleep in separate beds until you were ready to make a baby again.

photo by Peter Hurd

Ah, Suzanne. How would we ever have made it through the day without her wild tales of sexual misadventures in the big city? She was at once the worst receptionist and funniest fucklet that ever collected a paycheck from CHERI. She's also a damn good writer, jazz buff and erotic philosopher and almost everyone we know is in love with her, so keep those cards and letters coming, fans.

CUNTSELOR IN TRAINING

by SUE FEELE

columns by liberated women
the cheri orchard
for liberated men

It wasn't until I spent a most enlightening summer at Camp *Su-Mur-Nor* when I was 12 that I discovered that grown-ups actually *liked* putting those "filthy things" of theirs together. Under the tireless tutelage of my counselor-in-training, Barbara (Boobies) Goldshlagger, I learned all the good stuff. On the first day of camp, Barbara looked over her nine pre-pubescent charges of Bunk-12, nattily attired in WAC Colonel-inspired white T-shirts with a green pine tree in the middle, and baggy matching green shorts, and shook her pretty head in despair. "You're hopeless," she said. We looked one another over, and sadly agreed. A more representative collection of knock-knees, concave chests, budding acne, and massive orthodontia, was not to be found in the whole Lake Mahopac area or surrounding environs. It was probably true that time, and possible plastic surgery could supply the lack of pin-up proportions, but the first social was already being planned for the following Saturday night, and time needed a little nudge. But Barbara had a will of steel, and went to work immediately, ingratiating herself with the camp director, Morris Kurtzman, better known as "Murray the Goniff." Barbara wooed Murray and his wife, "Norma the Schnorrer," scientifically. She thought up ways they could squeeze some more money out of the parents. "Put saltpeter in the orange juice, and construct barbed-wire fences around the girl's bunks. Charge each parent $45-a-head extra for security provisions, and that will insure their daughters' chastity."

She devised ways to stretch the food. "Water down the milk. Used powdered eggs. Make veal stew on Mondays, use the leftovers in patties on Tuesdays, and have veal soup on Wednesdays."

Murray and Norma quickly calculated the savings on Barbara's suggestions and they amounted to at least $5,000. What did Barbara want in exchange for all this? Just a modest request, that Murray and Norma look the other way at certain small infractions of the camp rules committed by Bunk-12.

For the rest of the summer, Bunk-12 was bitterly referred to as "those *spb's" (specially privileged bastards*) by the rest of the camp.

On Wednesday, Barbara's day off, she pooled all our canteen money, went into town, and bought us each a set of hubba-hubba, fuck-me-baby-doll pajamas, padded bras and falsies for the hopeless cases like me, and some foxy stretch pedal-pushers for the forthcoming social. She then began her pre-social lectures and booster talks. "You're going to have a lot of competition from the girls in Bunk-14," she said, "but don't worry about a thing. You're all going to be knockouts."

(Continued on page 90)

Liz Goes Lez

(Continued from page 16)

World To See. It sold God knows how many copies in hard-cover and paperback and detailed her reprobate rise from Holy Roller hellion, to Marilyn Monroe look-alike contest winner, to Hollywood starlet ("That girl has . . . authority," said Cecil B. DeMille) to exotic entertainer, to mobster moll, and so to court. It didn't get up to the part where she stars in a mother-daughter strip act or streaks Hollywood Boulevard in alabaster glory, but you can almost see it coming after awhile.

There's lotsa laffs and old-fashioned melodrama, but more than anything else the book brims over with an endearing humanity middle age (how does a St. Bernard puppy hit middle age?) has only enhanced. Now that things have calmed down and she's very happily married to #7, she's finished up another masterwork entitled *How To Be Sexy And Beautiful At 40 (And Beyond)*. One way, of course, is to be born with mesmerizing amber-green eyes (with freckles in them, she insists), skin you ache to touch (because she rubs in cocoa butter by the pound) and a bosom that made anatomy destiny at around age 14. Liz is very staunch on beauty routines, but a lot mellower on the results of being so sexy all those years.

"Listen, marriage is only a legalized relationship. It's just that men always seemed to want to marry me, and of course I had to think like that too, what with coming from a very religious family—Holy Rollers. It was a way of working around a lot of static I didn't need. A marriage license makes a man feel more secure. It's like religion—people want a built-in insurance policy for the future, so they start 'believing.' The whole thing is *make-believe*, grown-ups playing games.

A WALK ON THE WILD SIDE

(Continued from page 6)

the porno shopping center of Lansing, is the favored place for sex-starved Chrysler assembly plant workers when the factory shuts down on Friday afternoon. Regular theater-goers claim that amateur night brings in standing-room-only crowds on Tuesday or Wednesday, whichever night it's held.

Besides the studio theater, with its runway for touring professional strippers like Lady Stardust (pictured here on her American Tourister luggage) CINEMA X also shows feature-length X-rated films in two screening rooms.

And yes, there is hardcore entertainment available. They've got the standard peep-show hallway where, for 25 or 50 cents, you can sit in a private viewing booth and watch from three-to-five minutes of dirty dickery on quality video monitors—with sound! The grunts and groans, the cocks and cunts, both mix in typically blue behavior with kindred kinks thrown in, such as enema love and electric finger stimulation. Ah! And the missionary motif that made porno King in the first place.

If you tire of celluloid sex, topless girls attend a gallery of pinball machines for the most jaded sex establishment buyer. When the girls aren't jiggling tits and tilting machines with company quarters, they're helping some horny old man get a higher score than he does at home—or, they're shining shoes at premium fare: $3.00 topless, $10.00 bottomless and totally nude. As one of the girls told us, "NO! There's definitely no sex allowed," and the management has installed one way mirrors to make sure the girls aren't up to any tricks.

As if CINEMA X weren't enough for the 170,000 inhabitants of Lansing, a variety of entrepreneurs have set up shop along Michigan Avenue, nicknamed "Sin Strip" by local media, all within sight of the state's capitol building. Stober's, a swinger's club, the New Art Adult Theater and Covello's, cater to the single and swinger trade, while Tramp's disco satisfies both gays and straights who are tired of "conventional" offerings.

Alas, a bunch of closet cases calling themselves the Beal House co-op, a film co-op that screens films for faculty members and students of Michigan State, refused to talk to us. They refused to admit they had sponsored the "Pornothon" put on at Welles Hall just weeks before our arrival, and one of their group showed up spaghetti-faced at the door of the co-op. In spite of first impressions, we've got to give them credit for sticking their cocks out of the closet in Lansing at all.

So it went, Cat and Mark giving us the bawdiest *tour de Lansing* available. Later, when Lady Stardust heard we were from CHERI, she put on a special show by doing an imitation of our beloved Honeysuckle Divine—blowing a fountain of Jergen's lotion out of her pussy and splashing the front row of paying customers, who stared in shocked disbelief that a girl could be so good and so bad at once. Need we say that this was the high point of our visit?

Now, if you're not from Lansing and you happen to be visiting there, you know where to go for adult amusements. If you're living in Lansing, that's your tough luck. But if you happen to cross paths with Red Fox, who does a funny, funky rubber-ducky routine when she isn't at CINEMA X playing pinball, say "Hello" for us. As for our swinging friends out there who are helping make Lansing come alive, "Good luck, and long live the oasis."

—M.R.F.

OBSCENE PHONE CALLS

(Continued from page 22)

you're sitting there in the bathroom so we don't have to mess with anything.

"Now, open up your bathrobe, and if you can get comfortable, sit down, leaning against the wall. Do you often fantasize when you masturbate? Good. What turns you on the fastest?"

I thought for a second. "Oh, I think about another woman, or a man, perhaps, who's holding me down."

"All right," he said, "I'm going to time you to a mini-orgasm." (A *MINI*-orgasm???) "Put your hand on your clitoris. I have just come upon you; you have answered the door; say I'm a repairman.

"I've come in," he continued, "and I've grabbed you by the hair, and thrown you down. You scream, and I put my hand over your mouth and pull out a knife. I tell you not to make any noise. Then I sit on your chest and force you by holding your hair to come up and give me a blow job. . . . Is this helping you?"

"Not really," I answered.

"Not really? I'm not being too gross, am I?"

"It's not that. The idea of being raped appalls me, really."

"Oh, I thought you said that was what turns you on." He sounded a bit disappointed. "You know, this isn't working for me, either. I thought, now that might be a kick, to call someone with a grunt call who was willing to receive one. It's not really much of a kick, though."

"You don't get off on this?"

"No, I don't. I got off thinking about it, and I've been trying to reach you for a considerable time, but it really doesn't get me off."

I said, "Have you ever made a phone call

(Continued on page 44)

KANSAS CITY STARK

(Continued from page 27)

ship from the Kansas City area alone. Their functions are not usually on as grand a scale as P.A.J.K.'s, as they rarely have a dinner on the program. They do, however, use the banquet room at their motel and hire one of the popular bands. Cocktails and dancing are the customary preludes to the main event.

One recent party the Spirit of '76 threw was their special holiday dance, which was held the Saturday following P.A.J.K.'s, in Kansas City, Missouri. About 90 couples attended this function, with many of them having been at P.A.J.K.'s the preceding weekend in the east side of the state. Naked people were everywhere, and sex in groups, in piles, and in twosomes was the normal scene. The party was similar to P.A.J.K.'s, except that there was less action in the halls at the Spirit of '76 party.

Both clubs charge yearly dues of about $25.00, and each club charges some amount for attending each function. Usually, P.A.J.K.'s dinner/dances cost around $25.00 a couple. Spirit of '76's dances normally cost $10 a couple for members, and have a cash bar.

Guests can attend '76's other functions for about $12.50 a couple, providing they have a sponsor who is a regular member.

The usual motor inns or hotels which are the locations for these parties give a nice discount on the rooms. The management of these places find the swingers excellent at spending money and paying bills, so they always welcome them back.

Although I don't know of either P.A.J.K. or Spirit of '76 ever advertising, I have come up with something special for those swinging couples who are interested—the two clubs' mailing addresses.

Spirit of '76, P.O. 9626, Hickman Mills Station
Kansas City, Missouri 64134
P.A.J.K., P.O. 171A
St. Louis, Missouri 63166

Until next month, keep on swinging!

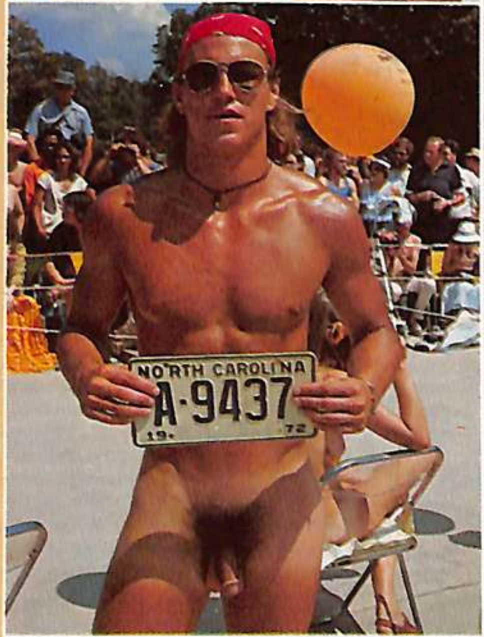
Jody Maxwell

MISS NUDE
SAMOA
DROST'S
NAKED CITY"
Rose Lawn, In.

MISS NUDE
SWITZERL
DICK DROST'S
"NAKED CITY"
Rose Lawn, In.

The Roselawn Derby

Dick Drost's annual Battle of the Boobs has become a voyeur's Woodstock.


NORTH CAROLINA
A-9437
19 72

When Dick Drost invited me to be a judge in his annual (and now-legendary) beauty pageant, I didn't know what to expect.

And once I hit the gates of the Naked City nudist colony, my confusion was both confirmed and enhanced.

It was unbelievable, a kind of weird mix of Atlantic City and Tia Juana, presided over by a strangelovean Bert Parks doing Ironside impressions.

ARTICLE BY JUDGE ANDREA AMBERS

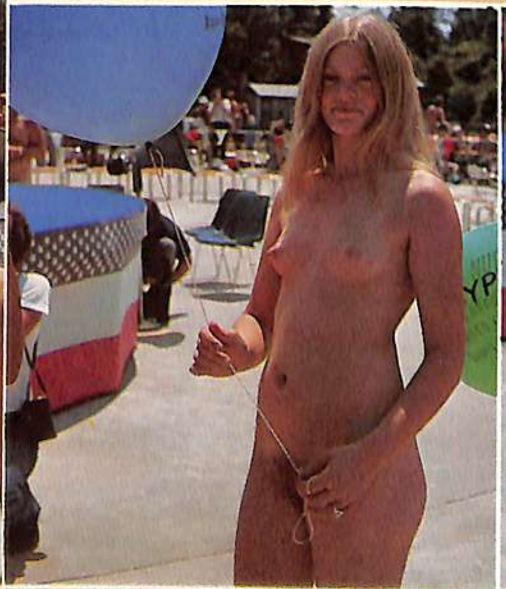
MISS NUDE
ISREAL
DICK DROST'S
"NAKED CITY"
Rose Lawn, In.

Did that stop me from throwing myself headlong into the festivities?

Wrongola, sex fans! I leaped right in, dedicated as usual to exploring the perimeters of perversity, the heights of horniness and the breadths of buggery.

And here's what I saw as judgette of the nudest, lewdest glamouramas ever: Mr. Nude Trucker and Miss Nude World, 1977.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER HURD and JUDY CHERRY



GREECE
"NAKED CITY"

ISLANDS
DROST'S
"NAKED CITY"
Rose Lawn, In.

21 OOPS
WYO 72

A Field Day For Voyeurs

Every year, hundreds of bare-butted men and women from all over the Midwest flock to Dick Drost's Naked City nudist camps, to flash buns and biceps in the hopes of winning a crown all carnally conscious nudies cream for. Now you might be wondering how a Big Apple city slicker like myself got involved with this Midwest pussy pageant. It all began like this . . .

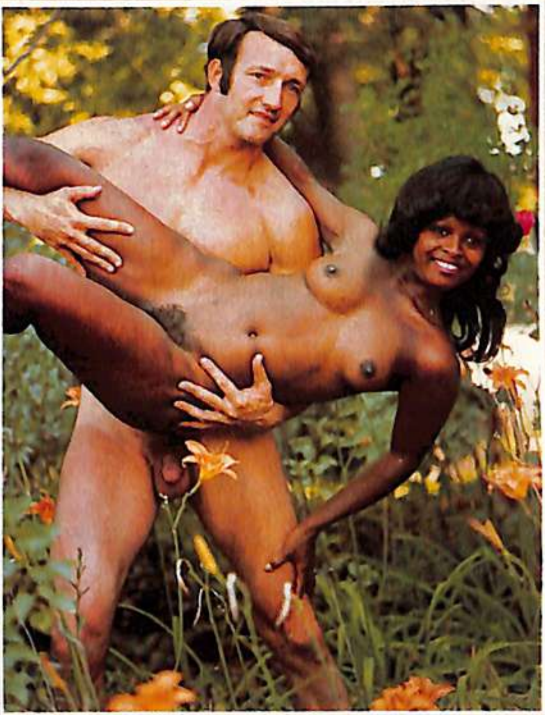
Another choice CHERI day had begun. Editor-in-heat Peter Wolff and I were thick in a juicy debate over the silicone content of our latest lovely's lazoobies, when our luscious secretary Susan (you don't think CHERI cares about efficiency, do you?) bounced in and informed me of a long distance call. I picked up the phone.

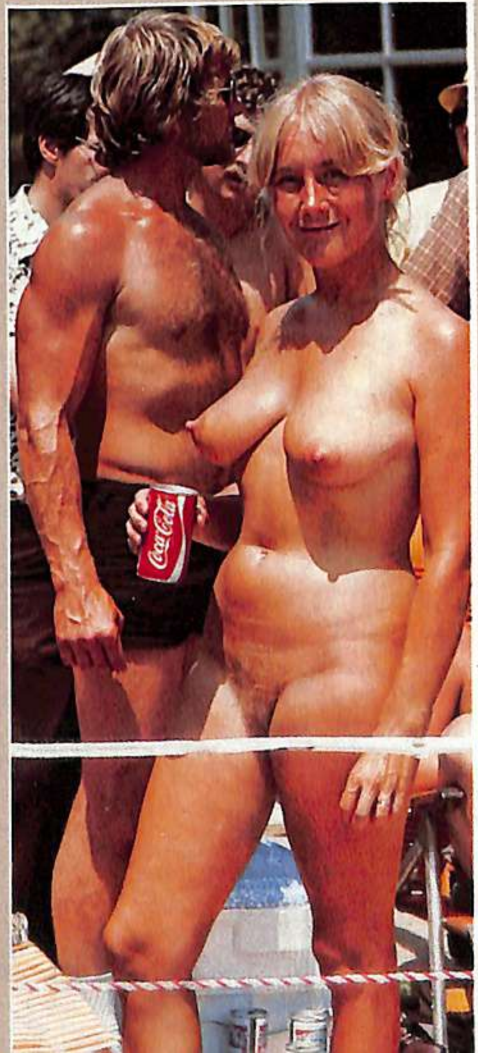
"Ambers speaking, may I help you?"

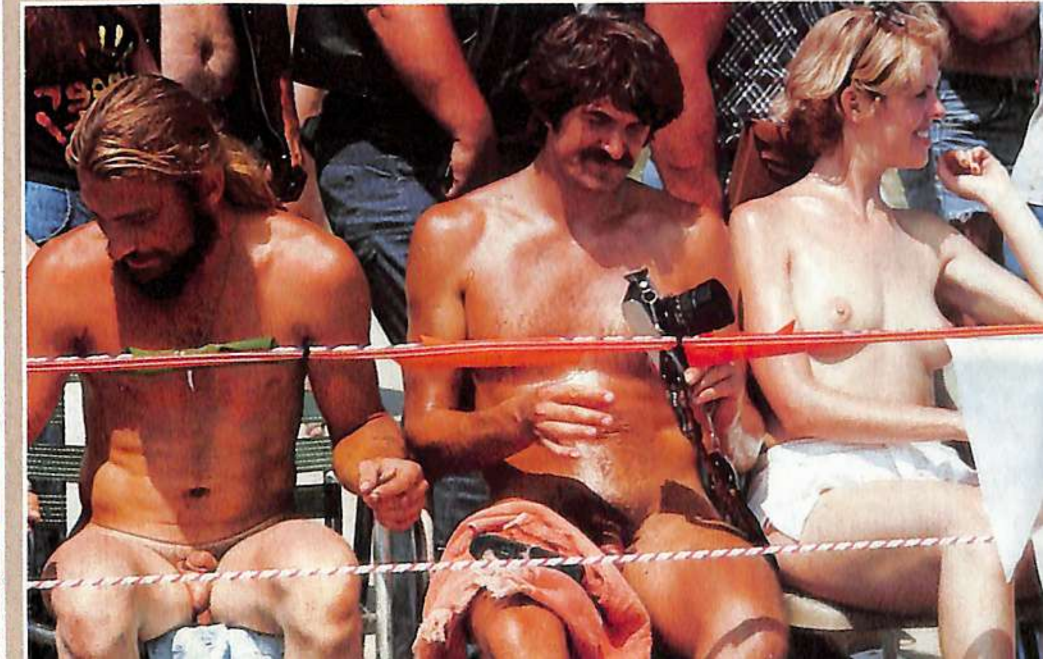
"Hey there, Miss Ambers. I'm calling from Naked City, Indiana, for Dick Drost. He'd very much like for you to be a celebrity judge at next month's Mr. Nude Trucker and Miss Nude World contests."

Me . . . a celebrity? I'm out the door before I even know what a Naked City is.

The voice continued. "Mr. Drost specifically requested your participation as a judge, Miss Ambers. He's been following CHERI's progress for months, and it really is one of his favorite magazines."







Cannes-On-The-Wabash

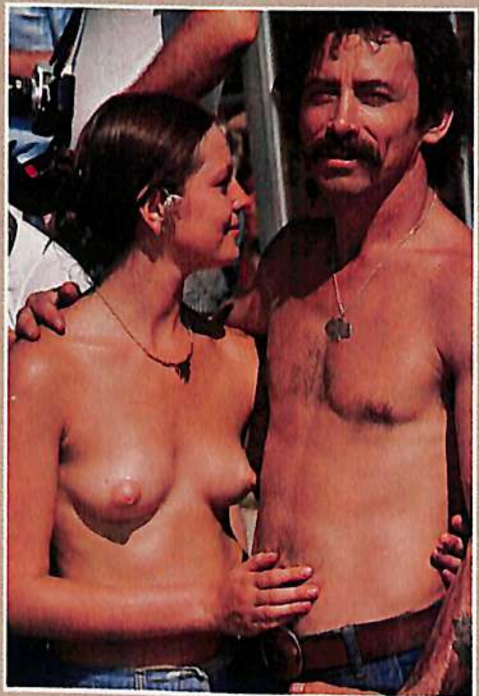
Well, how can you turn down a fan, right? And I must admit the idea of choosing the next "Mr. Nude Trucker" was a responsibility I didn't want given to any old strumpet. "One other thing, though, would you mind very much judging the competition in the nude?"

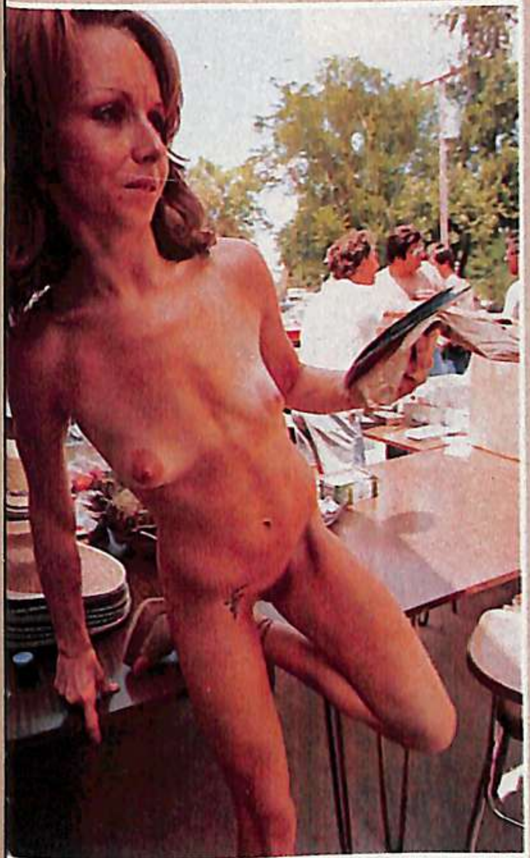
I knew there was a hitch! No one phones me out of the blue to call me a celebrity without expecting me to proffer my pink. All of a sudden I realized that their idea of a "celeb" might not be the same as mine. I envisioned my judging panel to be the All-Star team of hopelessly cum-worn Bellevue out-patients. I began to have second thoughts about the whole deal. However, when I inquired as to who the other judges were, I was quite surprised at the answer. "Professor Irwin Corey will be there. He judges our competitions every year."

An educator! Not bad. Who else?

"Rip Torn. Phil Foster. Freda Payne. Corbett Monica. Monique Van Vooren."

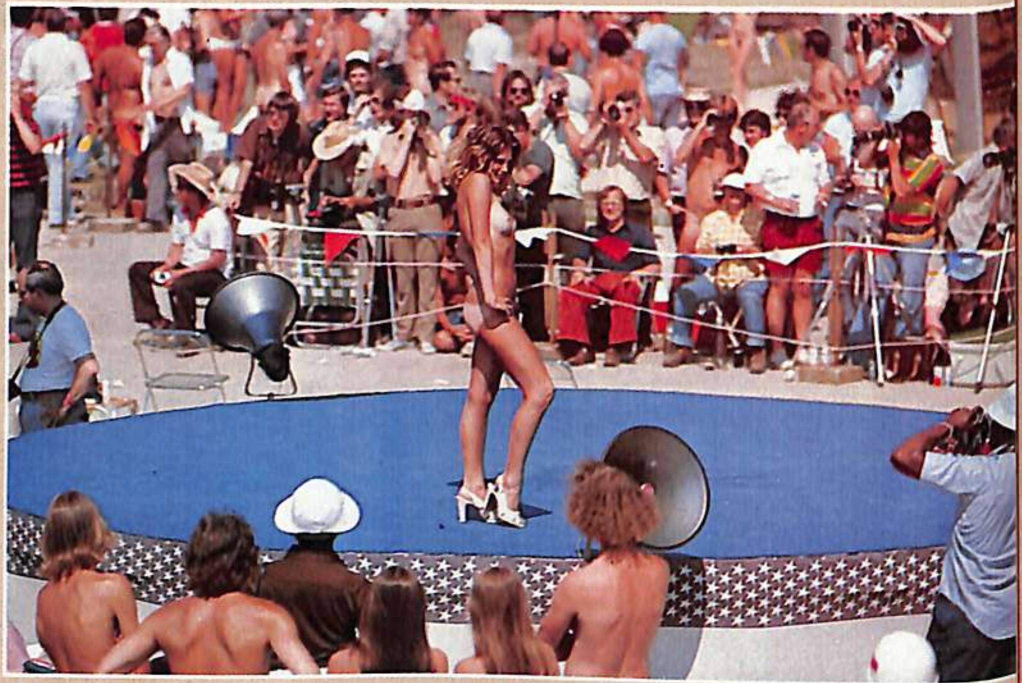
So . . . a few short weeks later, centerfold and friend Cheri Bomb, photographers Peter Hurd, Judy Cherry and I were en route to Indiana to *un*-cover a beauty contest that'll set Miss America back fifty years.

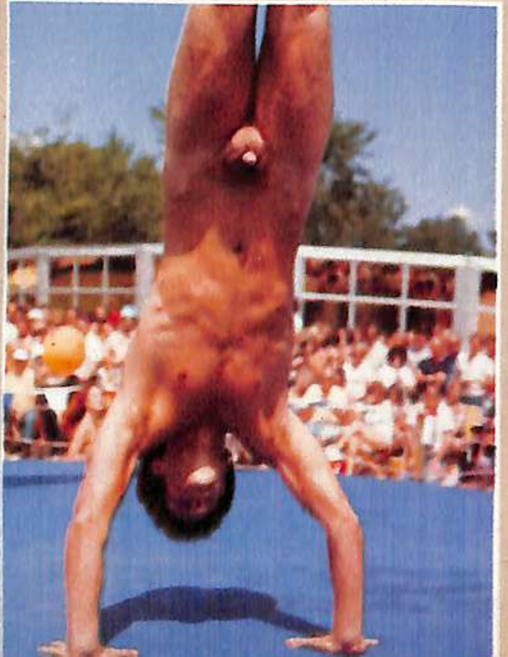




Shoot That Poon

Naked City, a 40-acre pleasure paradise, is owned and operated by the legendary Dick Drost, who's been holding nude beauty contests there for the last eight years. As our CHERI crew and I arrived on the grounds, we were abruptly halted by a long, wooden leg. It was the gate to Naked City, not your usual wrought iron number—but a shapely woman's leg. "Andrea Ambers, *celebrity judge*," I announced acidly into the knee. At the sound of my voice, the leg rose, and we entered. The camp was literally teeming with people. It looked as though the entire Midwest had decided to either go nude, or to watch those who had. Most people were actually running about bare-assed, and those who weren't looked slightly dazed, probably due to the sweltering 105° heat. Had we run out of gas on another planet? Nearby, families were frolicking by a heart-shaped lake, kids were bouncing on giant trampolines and lovers were porking it up at a nudist restaurant. Flesh was clearly the common denominator, but what really knocked us out were the gorgeous, gloriously-built naked ladies perambulating about. Not exactly bashful, these babes kept primping pubes and squeezing nips as they sauntered around the camp, posing shamelessly for the amateur photobugs—all



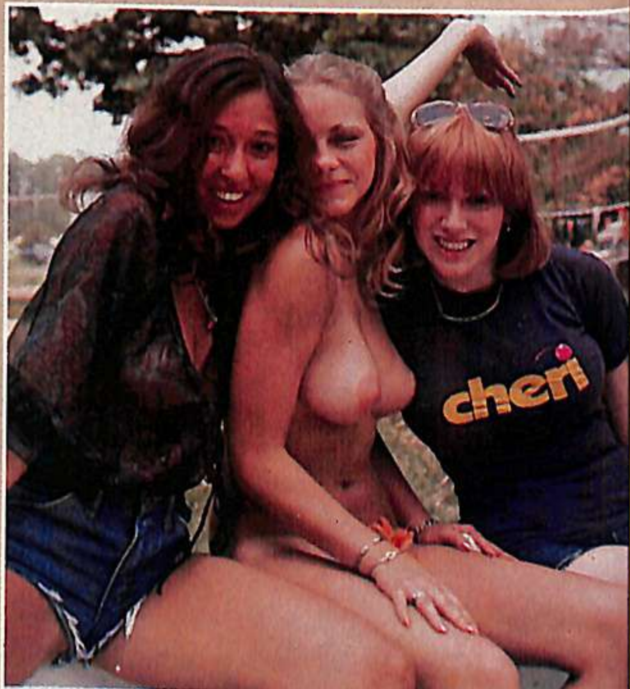


(Below) Unanimous winner of the Miss Cum-geniality competition Miss Nude Yugoslavia, Tiffany (a pro model who's been around many moons) struts her muff for celeb judges and amateur photogs.

Here Cum Da Judgez

of whom, we learned later, had paid $15 for the privilege of shutter-buggery. I must admit that Cheri did look rather scintillating as she spilled out of her itsy-bitsy bikini, and I managed to garner a few stares as I meandered about in tight short-shorts and the see-through blouse that hasn't failed me yet. The photo-freaks swarmed about us like ants to honey, taking hundreds of pictures while we smiled and posed—until Dick Drost whisked us away to see the entirety of his nudist resort. Since the contest wasn't to begin for hours, Dick insisted we take the time to get the proper feel for the place. He showed us another larger-than-life feature of this free-love fairyland, the "world's largest sundial," where MISS NUDE AMERICA would eventually be crowned. It had been gussied up with flowers for the occasion and roped off, so no overly zealous audience member could jump any of the humpy-looking contestants. There were thousands of chairs set up, so I knew this was going to be some red-hot contest. Then Dick piled us into his long, lush limo (driven, of course, by a long-legged chauffeur-capped nudie) and we drove around the camp. We saw the heart-shaped (man-made) lake, olympic-size swimming pool, the cabins, camping grounds,

(Continued on page 87)



Famous faces and foxy frauleins added spice to the competitions. (Opposite page, clockwise) Publisher and celebrity judge Andrea Ambers poses with a Naked City trucker; Cheri Bomb and Andrea cuddle a contestant named Kelly; Professor Irwin Corey, a judge, tries his luck with Miss Nude Chile; vocalist Freda Payne checks out the gear-shifters; actress-songstress Monique Van Vooren and Phil Foster (of *Laverne and Shirley*) survey the scene; actor Rip Torn makes pals with our music editor and the Professor hams it up again. (Below) Three eager contestants vie for the title and it's "all in the family" when Miss Nude England, Toni, and her husband Mr. Nude Indiana Trucker, Jason, end up pageant honorees.

Who Is Dick Drost?

Naked City's owner/manager gives our Andrea Ambers his own philosophy of the flesh

"This whole thing started in my teens. Consider my situation—homebound in a wheelchair, with no money, no high school degree, no car—and no one to drive it for me if I had one—no possibility of getting any job besides typing envelopes for Easter Seals, which pays like a dollar for ten thousand—and still being crazy about sex. The only skin I'd seen in my entire life was in Playboy, and back then you couldn't even show pubic hair, so the truth was that I didn't even know what was *down* there.

"I figured things out and started a service called Air-Checks, the same principle as a press clipping service, only for radio and TV. Soon I was supplying the top agencies in Chicago and New York with reports on their commercials, and I earned quite a bit. But I was still homebound and horny. Don't ever believe the vicious rumor that men in wheelchairs can't have sex.

"A nudist camp—that's where I wanted to go. The closest one was 'Zorro Nature Park' here in Roselawn. My mother said fine, but my father flat refused to go. What if the people were weird? What if we got lost getting there? Every excuse in the book, but what he really meant was, what if he went down there and actually got an erection? What if his wife saw some new, handsome dude and left with him? He was just full of his own frustrations. It took us three years to get him to come—but then, we all loved it. Even though there was only one teen-age girl around, and she was on the heavy side—you've gotta remember how desperate I was. Finally, we bought our own trailer to park here. And then I got to thinking—how about I buy the whole ballawax? I could change it into something very modern, very sexy, very blatant and erotic. So we did, and immediately changed the name to the 'Zorro,' (which means 'fox' in Spanish) 'Nudist City.' But it was hard to pronounce, and who knew what it meant? 'Foxy' chicks wasn't even a term back then.

"We moved down in '68 and immediately put up this building. The architecture was considered way far out then, and it still is. The walls are really two-way mirrors—at night you can see in, and during the day you can see out. Then we put up electronic gates, the sundial, restaurant, heart-shaped patio, and changed the lake into a heart shape, too. There's a reason for everything being just so. Even the trampolines—we have two, facing opposite directions, so guests can watch themselves according to the angle of the mirror—and I can sit back and masturbate while they bounce around. Who's to stop me? This is my home.

(Continued on page 86)

(Counter-clockwise) A regal Dick Drost surrounded by his loose-limbed lackeys poses for a Naked City family portrait; hostess-directoress Jerry does a funky Bert Parks; gun-wielding model Cheri Brandt guards the official judges' chamber; Dick's #1 assistant and ladyfriend, Pam, welcomes visitors at the "city" gates. A 'shaded' Pam and assistant, Julie, escort Dick around the pageant podium.

OBSCENE PHONE CALLS

(Continued from page 31)

like this before? Have you ever had any made to you?"

"No, but I think that would turn me on, if a chick made one to me!"

"Well, I'm very interested. Are you really a doctor?"

"Oh no, no." (That's a relief.) "No, I'm a business man, and I do enjoy some of the skin rags, anyway. I picked up a CHERI at the counter and saw the ad, thinking, now that might be good."

He sounded so let down that I wanted to make it up to him. "Would you like to try a different fantasy?"

"Well, it's sort of lost its gloss. I think maybe part of this kind of call must be the shock that they get on the other end. But this is more like being on a date and just discussing sex in generalities with a girl.

"It was strange," he went on. "I found myself concentrating on what I was going to say next, rather than what you were doing or what you looked like. And I am very voyeuristic. But it's been really nice talking to you. And if nothing else, we've found out that some people do not enjoy making grunt calls."

I've wondered about that, and tried to get reactions from the other callers, but very few had an opinion. What do you think, out there—is there a difference according to the response you get, or not? Most people feel it's good if they get some kind of response, but my own opinion is that it isn't as interesting to most callers if they get a positive response.

Some callers were much less interested in talking than in having me get them off verbally, or in learning about my own sex life, or in getting advice for the sex problems they are having. This man from Rochester, New York, for instance, was seemingly intent on gathering enough information for my sexual biography:

"Which hole do you like to be fucked in the best?"

"Definitely the cunt."

"When you give blow jobs, would you sooner swallow the cum or take it on your face?"

"I like to swallow it," I answered emphatically.

"How many men have you taken on at one time? Three? Did you enjoy that?"

"Oh, yes! It was a lot of fun. I like having all my holes filled at once."

"Are you into water sports? I'd like to piss on you—would you like that? How would it feel to piss on me?"

I told him, "It would feel really good. How would it feel to you?"

"Wet, warm. Would you swallow my piss?" I told him no, I didn't think so just yet. "You're not in that far yet, huh? I don't blame you.

"Looking at the magazine here, I see you have big tits. Good picture—looks like there's cum in your pussy; were you just fucked? That's your own cum? You must have been playing with yourself. I would like to fuck you in the ass; it would feel tight, real good. I'd like to cum all over your face, and piss on you, stick it in your cunt. Hope to see you in CHERI again. 'Bye." And he was gone.

Then there was this one. "Hi, is this Mimi?. . . ." (long silence). "I chickened out. 'Bye."

The only call that made me nervous at all came from a youngish man, who said, "I was wondering if I could come up in a little while."

"If you could come *UP* in a little while? Where are you going to come up *to*?" There was barely room in my hastily-converted "office" for myself and one telephone. Mimi smells a rat . . . or maybe something a little more porcine.

"Listen, aren't you working? I've got the afternoon off, and we can spend some time together." Sure, mister—in jail!

I mustered my best office-voice and said, "Well, actually, I am working for CHERI magazine, and I don't believe that they would . . ."

"Oh, my goodness! You know, and I thought this was a prostitution ad."

"Why would you think that?" I asked, sounding full of injured dignity.

"Because of the picture they have next to it." I couldn't help thinking he must waste a lot of time calling men's magazines, if all it took was a picture of a naked woman. "This is the first time I ever read this magazine. I'm not familiar with it, and I thought it was a prostitute's ad. Oh, gee, I hope I haven't offended you. Is that a picture of you? Well, then you can understand that I'd like to come up. You're a very beautiful woman."

"Well, thank you." That makes me a prostitute?

"Perhaps I can meet you after work, and have dinner with you?" I declined, thank you. "All right, listen, that's not my bag really, to call up a beautiful young lady such as yourself and just talk, and I don't want to be tying up your line any further. I want you to get all the calls that you have coming to you." And that, blessedly, was that. I wanted no part of him, whatever he might turn out to be.

My next caller that day took my mind off everything else, though. He was from Minnesota, and said, "I figured I wanted to give you a call, because I'm in a nice circumstance right now. I'm having my cock sucked by my sister-in-law. Julee, say something. C'mon. Ha, she's not embarrassed to do this, but she's embarrassed to say something."

"Tell her," I said, "that I'd like to talk to her. We haven't had any women call in, and we'd like to hear what the women have to say about this."

"Naw, she's a little bashful."

"Well, what's she doing to you?"

"She's licking my balls; she's sucking my cock. My wife gets home from school at, like, four o'clock, and Julee lives a few blocks away. I saw this ad, I says, 'y'know, we get it on a couple of times a week' and I say, 'let me call while I'm getting it done to me.' I want to have an orgasm as a contribution to CHERI magazine."

"Oh, my goodness," I replied, at a loss for witty repartee. "Tell her I admire her courage. And make it a noisy one."

"Oh, this is really dynamite, too. Julee, Mimi says she admires your courage. She's really good, too. Right now she's licking on both sides of my cock. *HEY*! Easy! She just tried to bite the head off.

"Oh boy, she's deep-throating it now, coz I'm not that big, I'm only six-and-a-half inches, but she gets it all. So what are ya's doing down at the magazine?"

"We're listening to a lot of calls, but we haven't gotten anything as interesting as this one yet."

"I'm glad to be a help, anyway. I'd love to come while I'm talking to you. Yes, oh, Julee, too much! Now, you want to suck it really hard now, c'mon and pump it now with your other hand, no your other hand. Ohhhh."

"What does she look like?" I'm sure my mouth must have been hanging open a foot wide—good thing no one was around to try to fill it.

"She's a brunette, she wears glasses, she's about 125 pounds—what are you hitting me for, what is it? Well, she's not a small woman, she's about five feet, six inches and she's a little chunky, but she's got a nice body. She's beautiful, I really go wild. I love older women and she knew this, and we've been getting it on for like about six months now. I'm married two years, I missed out a year-and-a-half.

"Her husband doesn't take care of her. He uses the headache line all the time.

"She's really pumping fast now. Yeah, she's really pumping hard; she's got it all now, and I'm just about to give her a mouthful, oohhh, Julee, I'm going to come. Julee! Oh, keep sucking, baby, come on. I want to come for Mimi on the phone, come on.

"Oh, boy. Stroke it with the hand, come on, all right! You going to swallow it babe? Come on, hurry up and swallow, baby, come on, another ten seconds, Mimi, I'm gonna shoot a load right down her throat. Ahh, Mimi, ooohh, Julee, baby, ooohhh . . .

"Here it comes, Mimi."

"Okay, okay, do it for Mimi."

"Oh, oh, oh . . . ooooohhhh! Ahh, she took it all in . . . it was a nice load, too."

"That was beautiful." I was exhausted.

"All right, Mimi, I hope we helped out the magazine. I tell you, I'm a big fan of the book. CHERI is the greatest men's magazine that's ever been put out."

I said, "Well, all right! Listen, your lady really doesn't want to talk to me, huh?"

"No, she's too shy . . . Come on, Julee. No, she won't. Well, good luck, Mimi, 'bye."

He was a hell of an actor or a helluva cocksman, and it was the highlight of the week. During the call I must have had a parade of amazing looks on my face, and my shreiks alerted the whole office, who could only squirm in anticipation, since they could only hear my end of the conversation, which was pretty one-sided. Thanks for the call, you two! (By the way, names have been changed to protect an obviously rewarding relationship from discovery.)

I had several loyal grunters who called back time and again, often from out of state. For instance, every day of the week I got three or four calls from a man who was into "mud . . . or how about some grease and oil? We could smear it all over you—it's especially good when you're all messed up." After a while all he would say was, "Hi, Mimi, how about some mud?" Strange guy.

THREE TURNS OF THE SCREW

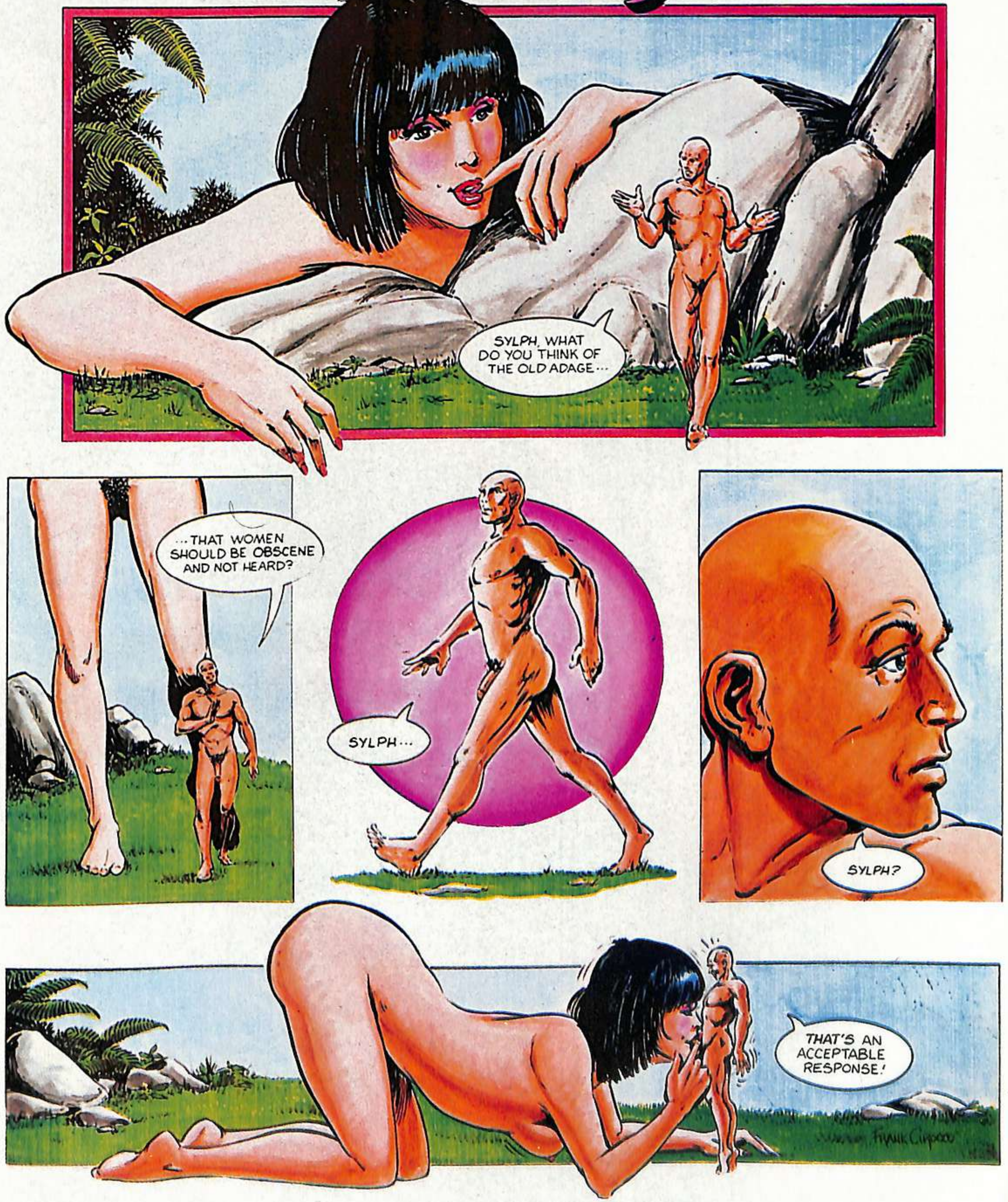
(Continued from page 19)

and stretching, or did he tie weights on them to gradually bring them down?"

"No, it's just natural. He always had a long scrotum. By the way, my doctor told me that people could ruin themselves if they try to twist or stretch their balls, so tell your dummy readers not to try it."

(Continued on page 70)

SYLPH


SYLPH, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE OLD ADAGE...
...THAT WOMEN SHOULD BE OBSCENE AND NOT HEARD?
SYLPH...
SYLPH?
THAT'S AN ACCEPTABLE RESPONSE!
FRANK CIROCCO

"Nudity? What's the issue? I love being without clothes."

FREE BEACH FIND

One of the advantages of the Noble Experiment called "The Free Beach Movement" is that idle girls like Sybil Maxwell end up posing in magazines like CHERI.

Photographer Patrick Barnes was roaming Laguna Beach one afternoon when he discovered Sybil boldly sunning her bare body under the California sun. "Anyone who suns herself nude on a public beach can't be all bad," thought Barnes, who found an immediate rapport with her.

“. . . On a nude beach, it’s hard for a person to be nude and dishonest at the same time . . .”

Obviously, fast growing Atlanta, Georgia, wasn’t fast enough for Sybil, who left there two years ago to take up her pencil on the Coast where she is pursuing an art career. When she isn’t sketching landscapes, she also embroiders: “Don’t believe it when someone says that went out with women’s lib. It’s fun.”

Is there an ideal man in the young lady’s life? “There was . . . when I was young enough to be a moppet. But now I don’t think there is an ideal man. So I look for a nice ass and eyes, instead. And honesty. I give honesty, and I expect it. And you know, like, on a nude beach, it’s hard for a person to be nude and dishonest at the same time. You meet the nicest people on a nude beach.”

EXPOSED!

Article by Michele Lake

How I learned to shake my butt and flash my pink for fun and profit.

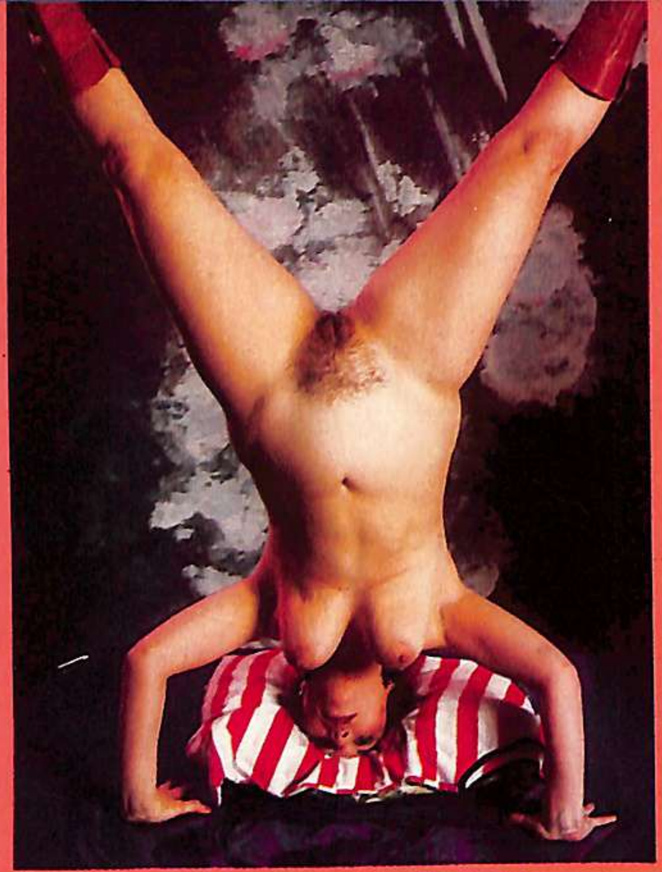
Multi-colored lights were strung haphazardly around the base of the small wooden stage. Mirrors, smudgy from greasy fingerprints, were aligned along the foot and side, reflecting a sweaty, bare-breasted woman gyrating her hips to the low, sexy music.

I sat very low in the back row of the theater, unable to stop writhing in uncomfortable disgust. The chick on stage thrusted her mound into the oogling face of a reptilian old man. I closed my eyes tight, thinking, "*Jesus Christ!* Fucking shit, I can't look! That could be *me* up there!"

I had been "dragged" to this sleazy burlesque house by an agent friend of mine. Being gullible and easily persuaded, I agreed to "just come and visit" the theater to see what goes on there. Having done some porn movies, I figured that I could certainly come and watch and *most* certainly handle my feelings. Well . . . I was dead wrong. I couldn't believe my own reactions.

"Are you crazy?" she had screamed at me. "There's no way I'm gonna strip for a bunch of wild men."

Illustration by Rene Moncada



I've seen naked women before. Shit, I've done sex scenes with naked women before—but all those logical reasons had no bearing on the fear and embarrassment I was going through.

My girlfriend was also with me. I literally had to drag her to the theater. "Are you crazy?!?" she had screamed at me. "There's no way I'm gonna strip for a bunch of wild men. *No way*!!" This resistant little friend of mine was now calming *me* down as we both watched the show.

"Yeah, I think I can do it . . . $275 plus tips isn't bad for a start. Michele, how about you? Michele . . . ? Michele . . ?"

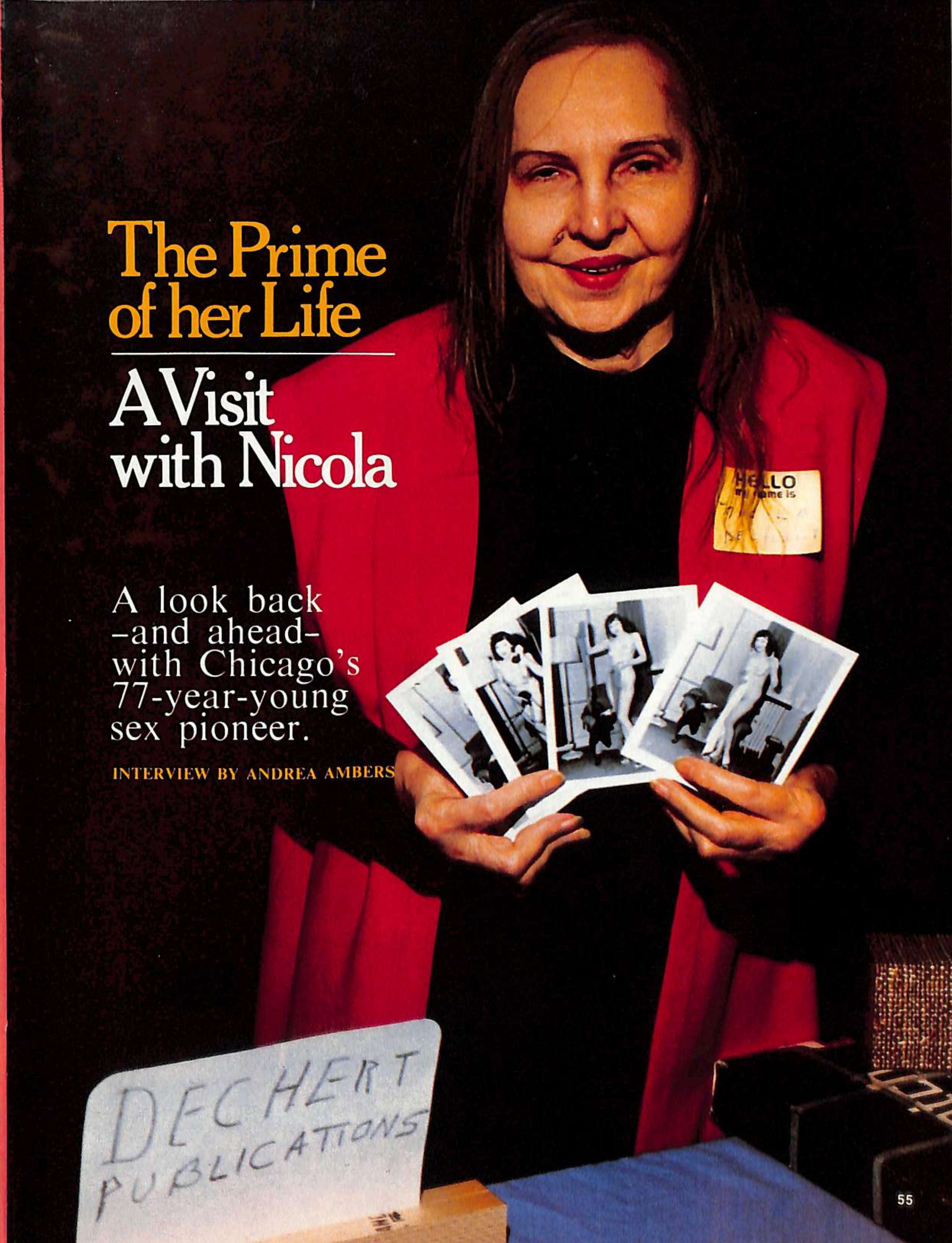
I was slumped over, hiding my face in my lap.

"I can't do it, Jill. Doing movies is one thing. It's private and no one is leering and oogling you. I can't do this stuff. *Look*—she's rotating her pussy *right in his face!!!* Let me outta here!"

Too late . . . the managers of the theater were being introduced to us. No escape was possible now. I had to brave it all the way. I took a long deep breath, grinned ridiculously, and joined in on the conversation. My agent was already discussing dates and schedules with these guys. It's no joke about fast talking, sweet mouthing agents . . . this guy was swindling me and my body without consideration for my deep dark terrors. I pulled him aside abruptly, (I have no *finesse* when it comes to swindlers) and told him I need more time . . . *much* more time . . . like two years.

"Backstage . . . It was just like sleepaway camp. Girls running around naked, giggling and posing in front of mirrors."

(Continued on page 89



The Prime of her Life

A Visit with Nicola

A look back
-and ahead-
with Chicago's
77-year-young
sex pioneer.

INTERVIEW BY ANDREA AMBERS

"Some stool pigeon! Here he was eatin' my pussy —and framin' me for the postal authorities."

I first laid eyes on Nicola in Chicago where I was on the case for this mag, checking out Chicago's first *Lifestyles Conference*.

In an already weird collection of flingers, swingers, and other humdingers, she was some sight!

There she was, all glorious 77-years of her, hypin' and pitchin' her line of mail-order photoporn!

In a flash, I was retina-to-retina, cerebrum-to-cerebrum, with Peter Hurd, the Prince of Pink, our photographer extraordinaire.

"Ay-mon, a pussy that's over three-quarters of a century old," I gushed. "Not even Flynt. . . ."

Hurd's dome furrowed, an upchucky look flickered through his eyes. "Have we no limits? Have we no scruples?"

"Never claimed to," I answered, leading Hurd by the bone over to Nicola's booth.

"We're from CHERI magazine," I intoned.

"*Hairy* magazine? Never heard of it," Nicola answered, cocking a straining ear to my lips.

"*CHERI*," I megaphoned. "You know. Girlies. Truth. Pink. No scruples."

"No, not too much these days," she answered. "Say, wanna see some nudes of me when I was 47?"

She whips out four ancient 8x10 "art" poses.

I look at Hurd. Hurd looks at me.

"How'd you like to be in *Hairy*?" Hurd asks.

"Why not?"

I pull Peter aside. "Pink. Tell her she'll have to show pink!"

"Andrea, gimme a break."

"No break."

"I'm going back to passport photography, I'm warning you."

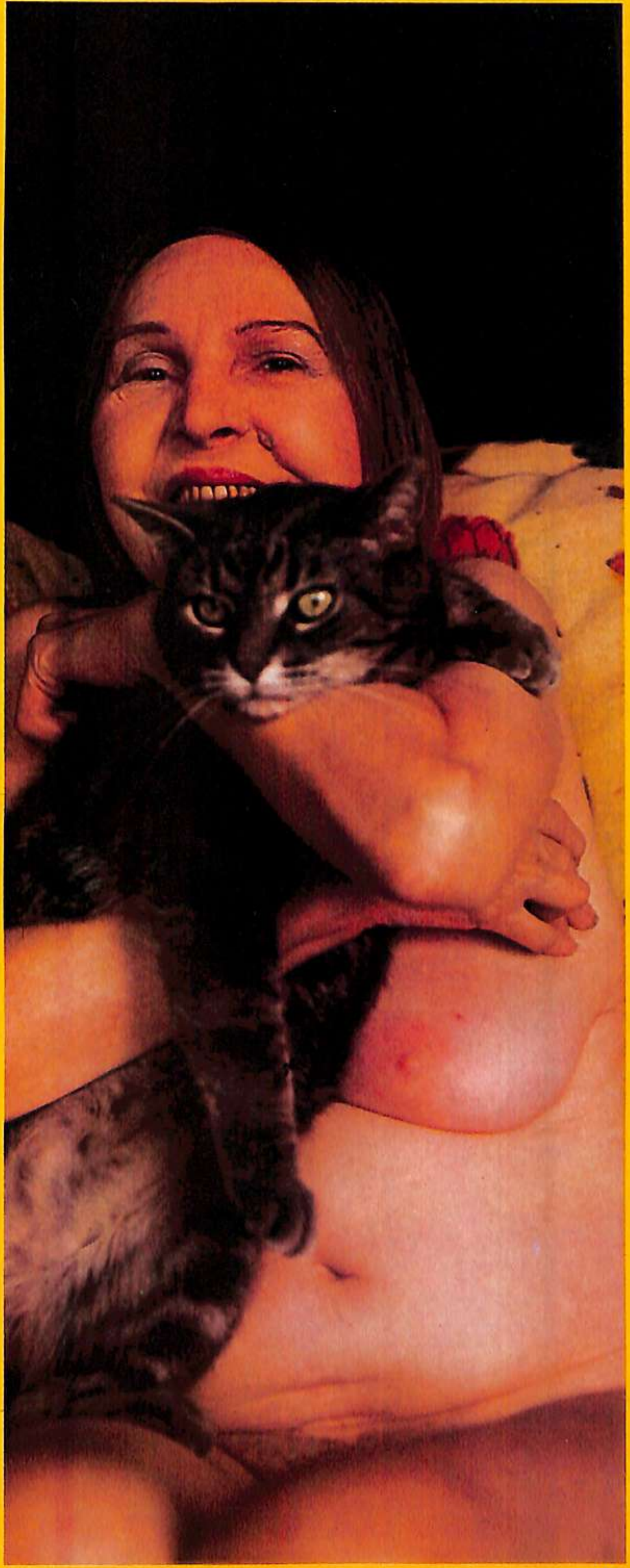
"Lady, do you do pink?" I ask.

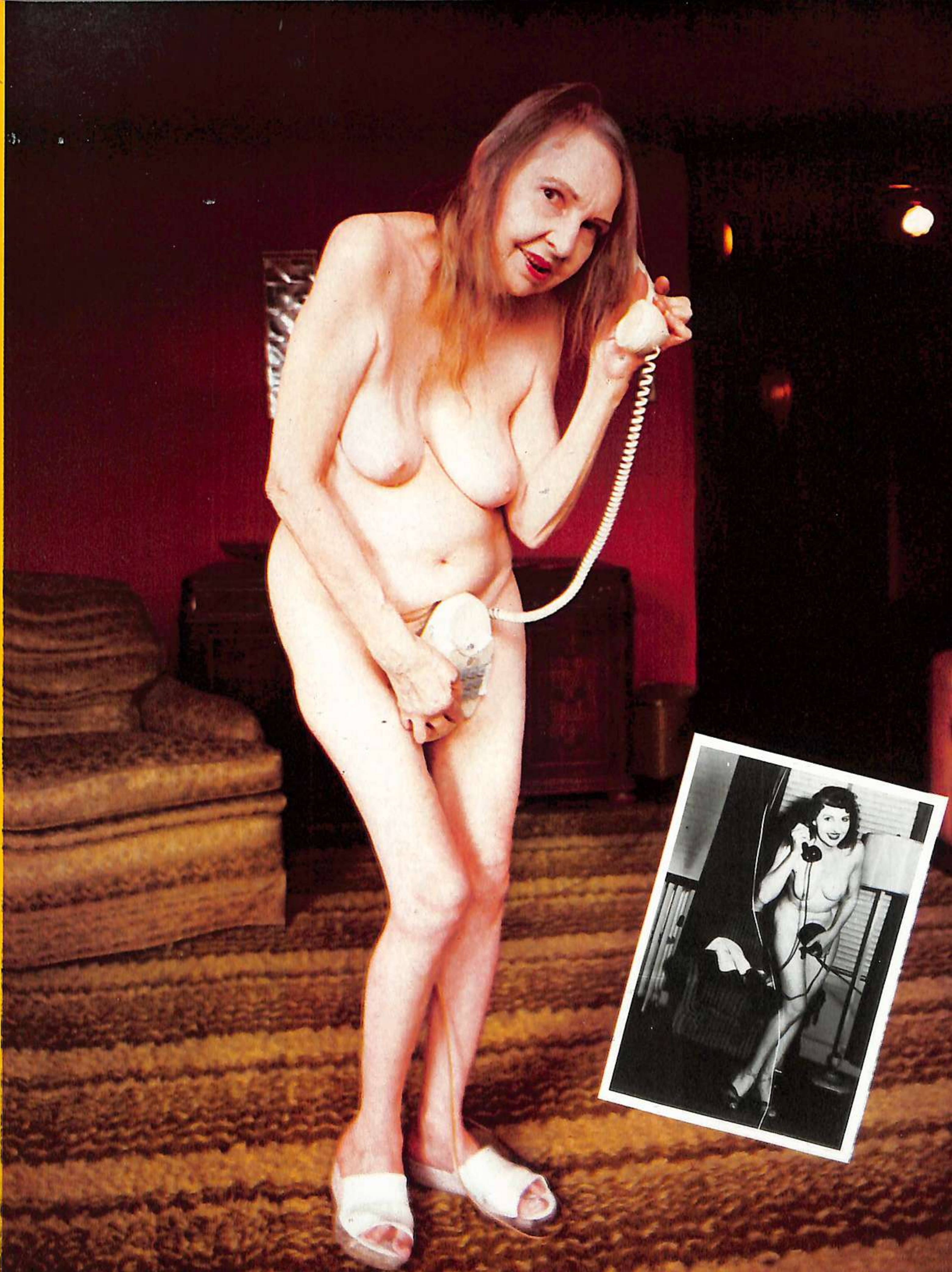
"Heyyy. Waddya think, I don't got the equipment?" Nicola barks back.

Larry Flynt, eat your heart out.

(Continued from page 70)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER HURD





And now, 30 years later, pink!

GRATEFUL GILDA

Her Pussy Is An International Institution

Interview by Sue Feele

You see them on the sands from Canne to Juan Les Pins and Cap d' Antibes, especially when the annual film gala packs in world celebs at Cannes in late May. Tanned torsos shine with Bain de Soleil, the Crisco of the jet set mob. Bare breasts in the Mediterranean sun slope to the skies.

Money? It's the major question in their lives—Do you have it? Or don't you?

Gilda is one of those Cannes cunts, a jet set, dreaming princess. That supple, slender body is simply bait for millionaires who lay back on their 48-foot yachts like it was a spectacular cock, bigger than a bank account in Switzerland —and more real.

Gilda hails from Munich—not Hamburg, and cinema is her life. While

"He wanted me to pee in his mouth and I tried, but I couldn't do it."

you might dream of sipping espresso with Dali, or exchanging witty aphorisms with Polanski, Gilda is doing it. Flying between New York and the Continent, she crams her Vuitton luggage with wash-and-wear Correges ensembles that match the wardrobes of the rich and famous.

We managed to entice her to the CHERI offices. She was dressed casually in a skin-tight jean jump suit; her nails were set off in burnt-sienna polish; her lips . . . ohhh, those lips. As I ask her the first question she flips her head and tosses back her black hair . . .

CHERI: How did you happen to get this modeling job for CHERI?

GILDA: I know a lot of people and I've been free-lance modeling for the last ten years or so. Thomas John,

the guy who took the pictures for your magazine, is an old friend of mine. So, one day he was just fooling around taking pictures,and then he decided to sell them to CHERI. I really get off on seeing myself on the newsstands or having friends call and say, ' Hey—was that you in CHERI last month? Far out!'So I really like the idea of being in CHERI.

CHERI: What do you like about modeling?

GILDA: Well, of course, it's a way to pick up extra money, but even more important, it enables me to act out my fantasies.

CHERI: Do you fantasize a lot?

GILDA: Not that much sexually, because so many things happen in real life that I don't have to set up fantasies. In terms of erotic fantasies, about the only thing I get into is, you know, you tie me up or I'll tie you up stuff. I used to have fantasies about being with famous people, but that's happened a lot lately, so I don't fantasize about it much any more. When I lived in Europe, I spent time with people like Jack Nicholson and Faye Dunaway, and other people I met through them, so I just take that for granted. Last week,

(Continued on page 78)

Photos by Peter Hurd

Portrait of a Cocksucker

Part 2

Sharon Gilbert

By PETER WOLFF

When you run a contest through the mail, it is not always easy to spot a phony. During our last $1000 Blow Job contest, we had the unique opportunity of getting gamed by a reader. Her name was Sharon Gilbert.

Sharon's letter said the usual things, i.e., she loved sucking cock, she was crazy about cum, and she'd do anything for a thousand dollars.

As a result, we made her a finalist. But when she arrived in New York City from upstate Rochester, we found that she was not only a *lousy* fellationist, but a reluctant one as well. This, quite naturally, is the gravest of sins to us. Nonetheless, we were committed, and Synthetic Sharon went on to win fourth place in the contest.

Afterwards, I talked with her and here is a tape of the interview. Use it instead of Sominex some night when you can't sleep.

PETER: Sharon, when was the last time you sucked cock?

SHARON: Six or seven weeks ago, and then only because they forced me to . . .

PETER: They?

SHARON: A couple of guys I was visiting. They got horny and surly for no reason whatsoever, and made me suck them off.

PETER: Wonderful.

SHARON: It wasn't.

PETER: Do you remember the first time you sucked cock?

SHARON: It was on my honeymoon. My husband held my head down until I started to suck him. But when he came in my mouth, I barfed.

PETER: Obviously, you're a spitter, not a swallower.

SHARON: Actually, these days I'm neither. I never let it get near me any more.

PETER: Do you fuck?

SHARON: Not really. Mostly I give hand. I'm just beginning to think I should go gay. Do you know any nice girls?

PETER: They're too nice for you, sweetie.

THREE TURNS OF THE SCREW

(Continued from page 44)

"Is his wife really into this ball twisting?"

"Yes, she really digs it. When she first saw his long balls she became fascinated and couldn't keep her hands off. Every day she tried something new and when she saw he loved it she just kept on experimenting."

"Don't they ever get stuck when he puts his cock *and* his balls inside her?"

"They told me they worried about that the first time. But when his cock went soft it just fell right out and there was no problem."

"Is this movie of yours the first time they have ever demonstrated their technique to the world?"

"It's the first time such a large audience will see them. The movie is called 'Boxball' and it's only going to be playing with our feature *Inside Jennifer Welles.* Before we immortalized them on film, they demonstrated only to small groups of suburban swingers—they like to go to swing parties and freak everyone out.

"What was the reaction of the other couples?"

"A lot of the women wanted to try it for themselves. He says he did it to about ten or fifteen women from the swinging group—his way. They also wanted to twist his balls, but none of them had the expertise that his wife does after years of practice. They're a perfectly matched couple." Artie took another bite out of his sandwich.

I felt a dull ache at the base of my balls and edged out of the editing room. "Wait," Artie said, grabbing another roll of film and another sandwich, "I've got something even more sensational to show you . . ."

But I was already in my taxi halfway down the block.

A Visit with Nicola

(Continued from page 56)

we photographed Nicola in her apartment one hot Chicago day. She was beautiful about the whole thing, easy with her nudity, proud of her sexuality, and very talkative. I taped her long rap on her substantial life story and it reads something like a sexual history of the 1900's.

She was born into a circus family in the St. Louis area, right around the turn of the century. Her mother was a high-wire specialist.

Her father was a visiting bounder. She speaks of him mysteriously and passionately. He deserted the family almost immediately and once, not so long ago, Nicola hired a detective to find out who he really was.

"You've heard of him, believe me," she says. "He was a Supreme Court Justice. One of the best. And he was on *our* side, if you know what I mean."

When she was five, Mama plunged off the high-wire to her death. Nicola went to live with cousins. Her little brother was taken by the mystery-father's relatives.

"I was brought up properly, I wasn't even allowed outside the yard. But my cousin didn't train me to do anything. Finally, just to get away, I decided to go into show business.

"So then this lady gave me a piece of advice, she said. 'Take pictures of yourself—costume photos—and men will buy 'em.' This was back in '45, and of course you couldn't sell real nudes through the mail. I was 41—looked good, didn't I? They were two for a dollar, big 8 x 10's, and I sold a bunch of 'em. This was when I was dancin' in New Orleans. I wore a net bra and a big cape and called myself 'Thalia.' But y'know, with those dancin' jobs you hustled the drinks—and the customers—and I had enough of that, fast. So I went over to Baltimore an' started striptease, down to the G-string.

"Few years later you could sell nudes, kind of. I'd been dancin' around Chicago—I was 48 years old, now—so I did photos with a flower pasted here and there. Then I did full nudes. I used to advertise in *Art Photography* and *Modern Man.* Just small ads, maybe twenty words—but then the Postmaster General came after me. Damn postal inspectors closed out my box, even though I won the case in court.

"So I had to get a real job, and I worked for this publisher so's I could learn how to put out my own magazine. And I did—*Show World.* Sold it through the mail real well, 'cause there weren't so many models jumpin' around then as you see today.

"And myself, I still posed, men would pay me $10 for the afternoon and that was big money back then. Photographers, you know—only they never told me what they did with the photos. But I didn't care, because they did some 'art studies' of me that I could sell. And I made films, too—every model in the business made films.

"They were real dirty. But no men—just women. They'd give me $25 and I posed all afternoon, sometimes with another girl. We'd bend down and pretend we were frenchin' each other, but really we were just showin' the back of our heads. We'd play with ourselves, but that's about all."

Remember, this was paleolithic porn. Back in the Fifties, bobby sox, hula hoops and Mouseketeers exemplified the taste level of your average horny young stud, and togetherness for those turning off into middle age. Candy Barr had made those dirty movies, and there were certain crude rumors seeping out of Hollywood, but this was naughtiness beyond the wickedest dreams of the erotic imagination. Whatever made her do it, I wondered. Gangsters? A greedy boyfriend?

"Nah, none of that. I worked for mobsters, sure, but I didn't go out with 'em. As for love affairs, those sex deals—I shacked up with a couple, but then I couldn't stand 'em any more. One was so bad I had to take him to jail. He was gonna beat up on me, so I called the coppers and made a complaint and they took him away. Then they beat up on *him,* so I gave 'em both $5 for their trouble. And I was rid of him. Imagine bein' married, when you'd have to be knockin' him in the head *all* the time!

"Listen, everything went on back then—it's just that you wouldn't talk about it. I never told a friend what I did, never had too many friends that weren't in the business, anyway. Wife-swappin', husband-swappin', all kinds of things. I even wrote a book about 'em back in '69, I called it *Ladies Of Sin Street.* Concerned some hustlers I met, too, in this hotel in Kansas City. Some were bisexual, they liked things every which way. And the money-girls would keep a colored boy for a lover.

"Tell you a story—one night they were all in this whorehouse, workin' for Ruth-Ellen, and one girl says, 'Lawd, I wish I was part colored.'

So then this all-time jazz great comes up and opened up her door and yelled, 'C'mon in my bedroom, honey, I'll make you part colored.' They was the fashion, back then. This one girl, Mitzi—it's all in the book—oh, she had a no-good livin' with her, he'd black her eye and take all her money, but then they'd smoke some of that marijuana and bring in a little queer to sleep with them both. And The Jazz King did knock up Toni, I heard, but the baby died. Oh, you hear the stories. There was one about the "D____", you know who I mean—these jazz men all stayed around the action. Well, he had a girlfriend from England with six cats and they all travelled together and she'd buy him $30 shirts. Now you know what *that* meant—meanin' he was probably pimpin', puttin' her next to this and that negro with money. Plain and simple hustlin'.

"'Course I got propositioned, too. I said 'I don't do that', but I'm like the little French girl—I can't take you, but I can direct you. Meaning that I knew where the nearest whorehouse was. Men were always tryin' all kinds of tricks to meet up with me. They'd write back after I sent my photos, but I'd never answer—no money in that.

"Men . . . I don't know. I got so fed up with all that stuff I haven't had sex since '65. You know why? The fella I had back then, he turned out to be a stool pigeon for the postal authorities! Eatin' my pussy—and tryin' to send me to West Virginia! I mean what kind of money would the post office pay some jerk to frame me? Maybe $50? Mellow, wouldn't you say? So I won't have nothing to do with that stuff any more. I'm just a housewife and mother—I mean to my cat, 'Pony'.

"And 'course I'm still sellin' every day. Pictures of myself and other models, the porno kind, I sell 'em for a dealer and we split, fifty-fifty. There's about eight sets of everything imaginable. No animals, though—those you have to send to Holland for.

"But I'm serious about my family. In '59 I figured out where my father was, but I had no proof. The FBI—now I know they *knew* he was a big judge. One of 'em sent me a letter and said he'd be right pleased to have me call. And when I called, he said yes, they already knew he'd deserted me and Mamma when she had a broken back and broken ribs. One time they were all standin' in our garden, Mamma and my step-father and Ruby, and this older man, very well-dressed, came up and asked, 'Are they good to you here?' And Mamma gave me a look, so I knew I'd better say yes. It was him, I know it now. He said, 'That's a right nice little girl you have here, Mizzus.' And now I've figured it out that he was 101 years old when he really died.

"It's so hard to prove, but I *know* it's the truth. Everybody's got a different story, everybody tries to push this and that under the rug, they remember wrong or what. That's how they killed Judge Crater, y'know."

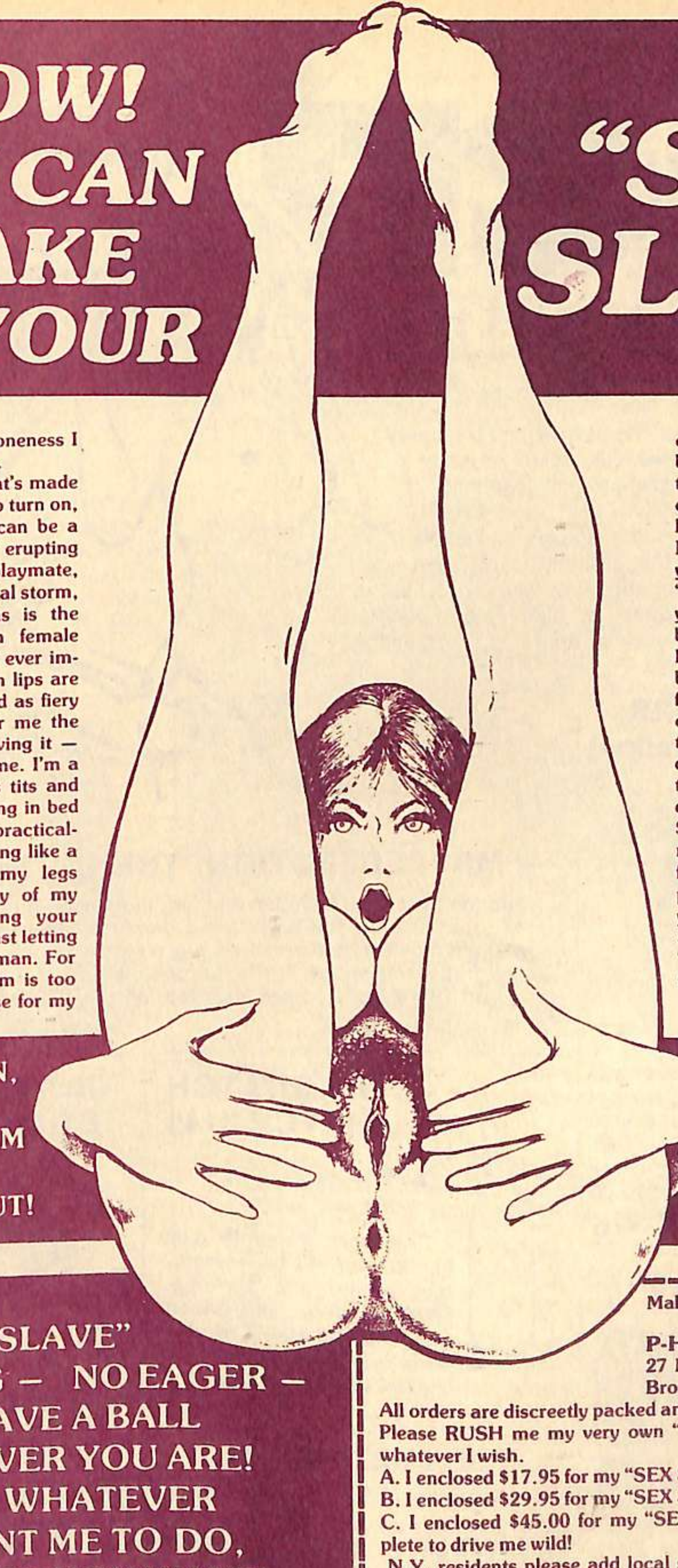
Mistress Vickie

(Continued from page 25)

off chick, I did my thing and there's the pictures.' How about you, Jean, are you hot for it or do you just want to take pictures?"

Jean shook her shoulders ambivalently.

(Continued on page 86)



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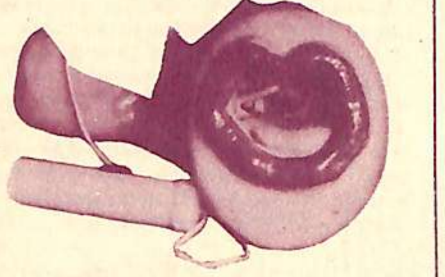

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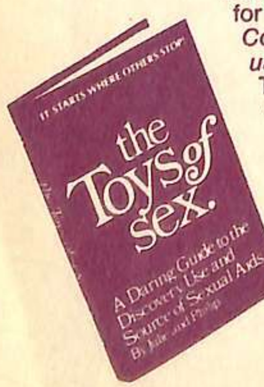
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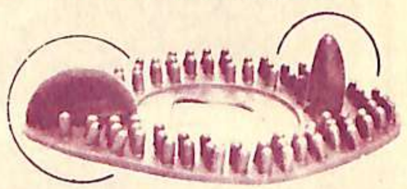

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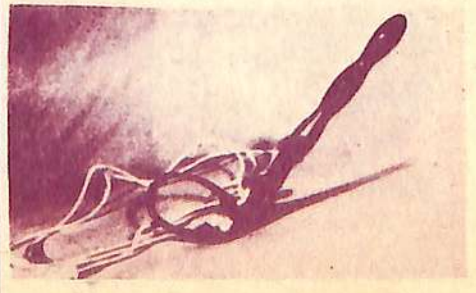

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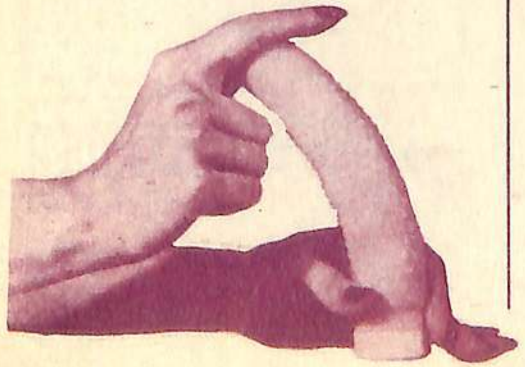

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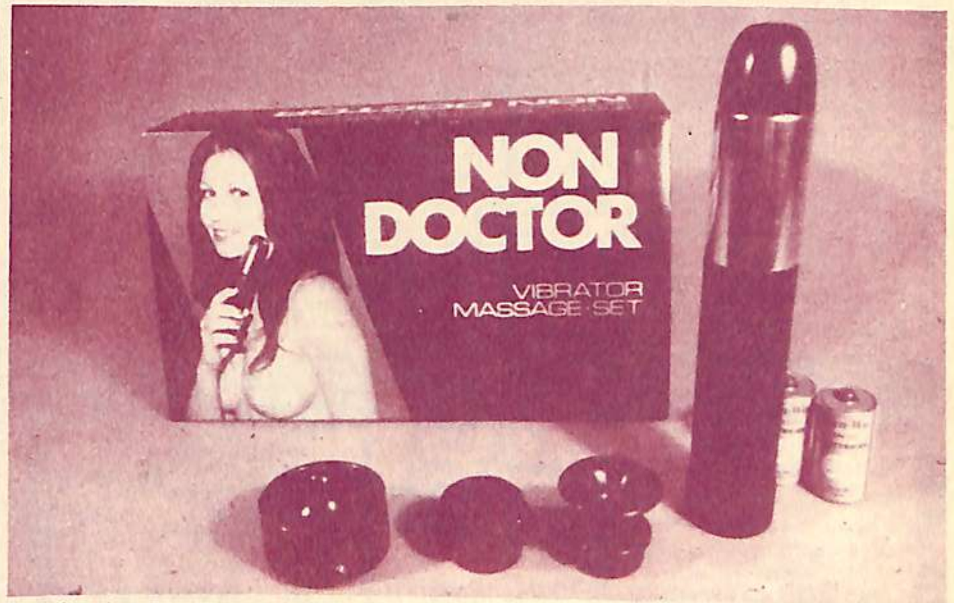

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GILDA

(Continued from page 67)

I was at a party with Mick Jagger and I didn't even find him sexy. No, the kind of fantasies I have now are more like situations or being different people and I fulfill those through acting and modeling.

For me, modeling an exhibitionistic thing. Very often, I do these little vignettes with story lines. One of the great modeling assignments I had was a beauty contest for Miss Stoned U.S.A. It was in *Rush Magazine* and they had me as Miss LSD.

CHERI: Let's talk about your sex life a little bit. What kind of men (or women) do you usually turn on to?

GILDA: Well, you're probably going to find this surprising, but I go out with gay guys a lot. It's really great, like adding another dimension to my life, but at times I've gotten too involved. Gay guys are much more open, more interesting than regular men because they've had more experiences. They seem to be more creative, and have an extra awareness of people. Someone who learns to accept himself as being gay and is proud of it really knows himself better than most people who live the same "pretend" lives as everyone else. I've also had just as good sexual experiences with gay men—and I expect a lot from a lover. And no one's ever had trouble getting a hard-on with me. I'm convinced that I can make any gay guy straight—at least for a night. I didn't start out expecting sexual things from them, but it's very hard for me to be with a man and not make love, so I did get sexually involved with a lot of them.

CHERI: How do you meet them?

GILDA: One boy I met on the beach. He had blue eyes and a baby face. He was from Copenhagen and he'd just turned 16. He was better than some men of 28, although he'd only been involved with sex for about two years. But, in those two years he'd (laugh) really done his homework, whatever. He must be around 20 now—probably too old for me. Another boy was a friend of our family. He was only 14, but he had this wonderful little-boy pink cock that would just stand straight up whenever he saw me. Now, he looks like a man—a handsome man—but he doesn't turn me on any more. It's the innocence that gets to me—it's good to teach people and pass on your knowledge. At the same time, you regain a sense of the way you looked at things at that age. I'm 30 now. (She shakes her head slightly). Most of the men I go out with are at least a few years younger than me.

CHERI: What do you like to *do* sexually?

GILDA: I like everything. I like to experiment around. I've been involved with some S&M, but I'm not into hurting people.

CHERI: What about exhibitionism? Do you like fucking in front of people and having them watch you?

GILDA: Yeah, that's why I'd like to star in a movie. If I had enough money, I'd put together a movie myself, and, boy, do I have a cast of characters for it! I've gotten into some pretty exhibitionistic things in the last few years. I was seeing a guy for a while who was bisexual and we'd seduce people together. One night we went to a big exclusive party at the Waldorf Astoria, and my friend said to me, "These people are very kinky. They have a lot of money, they're bored and they want some excitement." They had a big banquet, caviar on ice, champagne, the works, and they said that after everyone was finished eating that they'd clear the table, and fill it up with pillows and watch us make love. I chickened out at the end, but if you want to say that I did it, that's okay with me.

CHERI: Why did you chicken out?

GILDA: Too many people. But we did it later that night for this big Arab sheik. He was enormously fat—ugh—really disgusting looking. I don't have anything against Arabs, but this guy, he couldn't spend his money in five lifetimes. He said, "Why don't I get a suite for you with champagne and room service included, everything's on me. All I want to do is watch you two make love. We did, while he sat there with his robes flapping, masturbating (laughs) and then he gave us each a hundred dollar bill plus the suite 'till the next day.

CHERI: Can you tell me a little about your background?

GILDA: I was born in Germany, and we moved to Michigan when I was about eleven. What a mistake! I prefer Europe, and I always go back whenever I can.

CHERI: Do you remember any of your early sexual experiences?

GILDA: I kind of used to be a Lolita-type, but I didn't have sex at a real early age—not intercourse, anyway, because I was afraid of getting pregnant. When I was twelve years old, older guys used to like me—like seniors in high school. They thought I was at least a teenager. I used to fool around with them, and I guess I got a reputation as a tease. I still hear from some of those guys now—it's unbelievable! They're all divorced now, and they call my sister who still lives in Michigan, and ask for me. This one guy, even to this day, every time he calls my sister, he uses a different name, so, of course, we know it's him. I met him once, and he told me he couldn't get a hardon with his wife. He said, "You turn me on. Maybe if we just fooled around a little I could get my sex urge back." These guys are, like, really impotent from their wives. It's weird. No one's ever been impotent with me. I told this one guy, "I'm not a Sister of Mercy." Anyway, I don't like to come between people, and I've just found myself in too many sticky situations. All these triangles—people who have open marriages supposedly. It doesn't do me any good or them, either.

CHERI: Is there anything that turns you off sexually?

GILDA: Yeah, people pissing and shitting on each other. I once knew this older guy—whenever I was in the bathroom he'd always come in. One time we were at a party—all these bigshots were there. He announces that he's going to the bathroom—like, who cares? He says to me, "Gilda, will you hold it for me when I go?" We're all stoned, so I say, "All right," and I do it. One time, he wanted me to pee in his mouth, and I tried, but I couldn't do it. Nothing came out, you know.

CHERI: Is there anything you'd like to try sexually that you haven't done yet?

GILDA: I don't think so. I just like good sex, and a lot of it! (Gilda looks at her watch.) Gee, I've got to go. Dinner at La Caravelle with some friends.

(She gets up to leave. The heavy scent of Caron's Fleurs de Rocaille lingers in the office for the next hour or so.)

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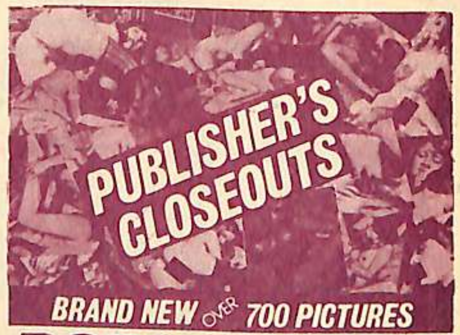

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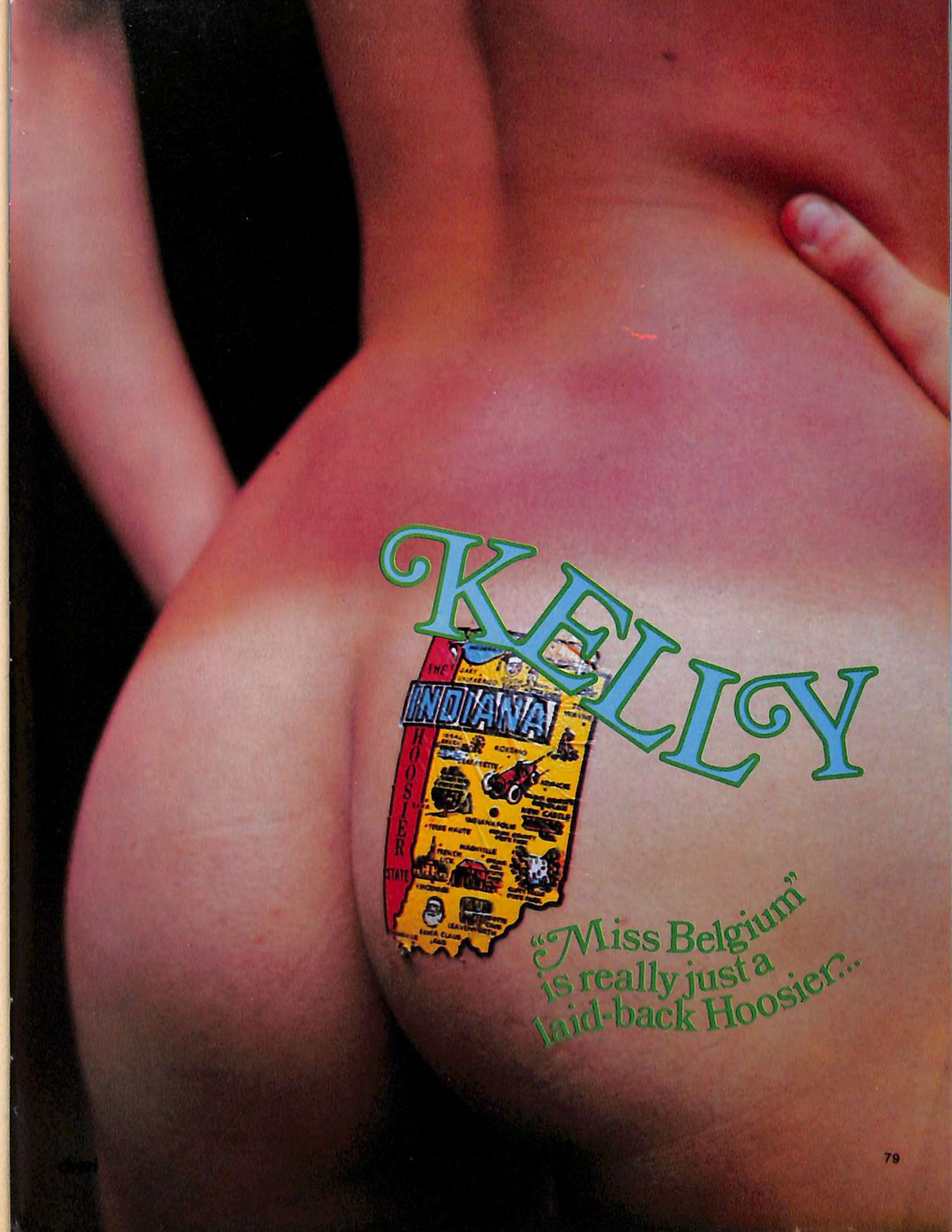


KELLY

"Miss Belgium" is really just a laid-back Hoosier...

By CHERI BAUM

I think Peter Hurd, Andrea, and myself knew Kelly Indiana was CHERI-type people the second we saw her beautiful boobs flouncing across the Big Stage at the Miss Nude World contest.

The sign on her balloon said "Miss Belgium"—but if she was Miss Belgium, I'm Aunt Twerp!

Actually, I started to get a bit jealous. As big as I am, Kelly was drawing a whole lot of attention whenever the two of us were together.

Later, after the contest was over, me, Massah Ambers, and Squire Hurd drove off to Indianapolis to photograph Kelly in her natural habitat.

The trip was a gas, full of the usual taboo doings, and highlighted by a long, drunken discussion with Miss Belgium, in which she gave us a whole bunch of juicy snippets from her real life.

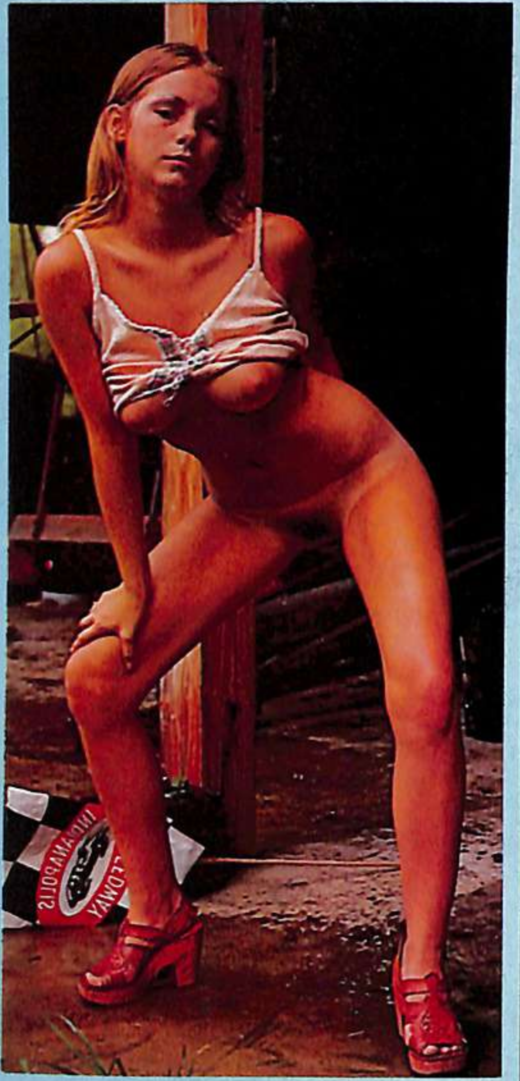
She was born Kelly Cole in Detroit, but has been in Indianapolis for a long time. "I'll tell you one thing, though," she says, "this town don't bust a grape to Chicago!"

Right now, she says, "I'm not doing much of anything. I've been dancing at the Harem House, the Jam Session, and at Naked City.

"I danced with my friend Terry" (she's going to be in CHERI next month) "at Dick's Harem House for three days. The dancing was a lot of fun, but in between you had to go around and mingle with the men and there were some super-strange ones there, believe me!"

With her face and body, Kelly has had no trouble finding modeling work. "There's girls I know who're really bustin' their asses to get into modeling. Me, I just kinda fell into it by acident.

"Take those gals at the Miss Nude World pageant. Now, *I* knew I had about a thousand-to-one shot of winning. But I went there for the fun—and experience. But there was a whole



crew of chicks who were on a real ego trip doing it. That's not for me. I'm laid back. I take it as it comes.

"The thing about dancing is all the weird people. I don't like people grabbing on me, pawing me and drooling, y'know? Like animals. One night, one of my roomies came busting through the door, all shaken up and pale, and I asked what was wrong. Seems some redneck on a motorcycle had followed her home from the 'Harem,' yelling 'I got a gun and I'm gonna shoot you.' So she yells back, 'Well, you better just shoot me then, because if you don't, I'm gonna shoot *you!*'

"You work in a place like

(Continued on page 98)

Mistress Vickie

(Continued from page 70)

"Let me feel it out, you know me, I swing both ways."

"Slave, fix Jean a drink, scotch and water," Miss Vickie ordered. After Lisa served the drink she was ordered to stand by Mistress Vickie.

"Have you bathed and practiced your daily hygiene activities today?"

"Yes ma'am, I have," said Lisa.

"Good, I want to enjoy your pussy. Now, spread your legs." Miss Vickie got on the floor and licked her pussy with wild rythmic strokes.

Jean, camera cocked and waiting impatiently for some juicy shots, called out to Lisa, "You can enjoy it bitch, your face won't crack if you show your emotions!"

Lisa flinched when the camera started popping and flashing, but she was strictly ordered not to pay attention to it. She was told to make love acting as if no one were there. Miss Vickie employed all of her acquired expertise by not letting Lisa enjoy a complete climax. She brought Lisa just short of the point again and again, knowing that it would drive her up the wall.

Vickie kept Lisa in this state of limbo for two hours, while Jean took photos. It wasn't hard to notice that Jean was getting itchy. Her eyes were focusing harder, and her hands were roaming between her legs.

Miss Vickie began to gloat. "Jean, you have that look in your eye . . . Lisa, pull Jean's pantyhose down and french her nicely!"

Jean accommodated by lifting her skirt over her waist, murmuring, "I like the tongue to go in deep, Lisa."

"Don't worry, Jean, if she doesn't do a splendid tongue job, I happen to have this paddle that is sure to improve her performance," teased Miss Vickie, smiling happily as she watched Lisa in action. Lisa frenched Jean's pussy with such perfect fervor that all three chicks were turned on.

Afterwards, when Jean had left, Miss Vickie ordered Lisa to prepare her bath water and assist her in bathing. Lisa dried Miss Vickie off when she finished, but Vickie began to feel bitchy.

"Lisa, fix my douche water for me, I like my water warm."

When Lisa had prepared it, she made the terrible mistake of handing it to Miss Vickie. Angered by the gesture, Vickie slapped Lisa across the face.

"How dare you! Get down on your knees and personally perform your duty! I should make you drink it afterwards, but I have far superior games in store for you."

"Did you bring any other clothes with you?" demanded Miss Vickie.

"No," she replied, "just the slack outfit I had on."

"Then you will wear only your garter belt, stockings and shoes. I am going to rest now, but you will wake me at 6:30. Oh, yes, you will awaken me by sucking my toes. Do be sure to suck betwen each and every one of them."

Afterwards, Lisa assisted her Mistress in dressing for their meeting at a hotel with one of Vickie's special slaves. Lisa asked sheepishly if she could borrow something to wear.

"Of course," smiled Vickie, "I have just the thing." She went to a drawer and came up with two clothes-pins. "Let's see now, these should keep your nipples warm!"

Lisa was overcome with a dread fear of the pins. "No," she said, "I don't need those."

"Shut up, bitch! Put your hands up over your head. Higher! I personally believe that your nipples should be more dilated for these!" Vickie laughed coarsely, then began to suck on one of Lisa's tits, while digging her nails into the other. They both became erect. Vickie attached one pin, and then the other, to Lisa's nipples, and Lisa let out a blood-curdling scream.

Pulling her by the hair, Vickie kissed Lisa on the mouth, and whispered, "My little cunt, you'll wear them proudly, for they are supposed to hurt!" Vickie handed Lisa her coat, and gave her a word of advice: "Put this coat over your shoulders and don't you dare touch these pins!"

When they were finally ready to leave, Vickie pulled a pair of handcuffs out of her pocket.

"I believe you were standing here with your arms stretched out when I came home from the airport. And, as I recall, you said—and I quote—'Tie them!'"

Vickie stared deep into Lisa's eyes, and some glimmer of understanding passed between them. Lisa stood passive and abject as Vickie locked the heavy lead cuffs around her delicate wrists, withholding the key to her ultimate freedom. The freedom she chose to lose.

Vickie opened the door. Lisa gawked at the eerie quality of the "real world" on the outside, as Vickie flung parting words over her shoulder.

"Now we are ready to leave. We will find out how many cocks you can suck . . ."

(To be continued)

Dick Drost?

(Continued from page 43)

"I don't believe in misleading people about anything. We changed the name to Naked City because folks kept thinking Zorro Nature Park was some kind of zoo, and they'd bring the kiddies to see the animals. Then the father would see a naked woman and speed out. Now, with Naked City—unless you're from New York and think it's part of a TV show—you know you'll see naked people, naked buildings, naked plexiglass telephones, naked plexiglass chairs in the restaurant and mirrors everywhere. And we're doing more—soon the dinnerware you eat off will be completely see-through, too."

Now I don't mind telling you, fans, that right away I saw this person as the Dr. Strangelove of the sex biz. The whole layout was so futuristic and so completely under his control that I was fascinated with its inner workings. The thought of beauteous young females programmed to perform in a private kingdom seemed so incongruous in the wide-open Seventies—and yet, it seemed to work.

"I put ads in a newspaper for girls to work here. When one calls up, of course the girls here will try and discourage her—who wants competition for a job? When she gets through to me—I try and talk to all of them—she'll ask, 'What will my duties be?' I'll say, perhaps working in our office, perhaps traveling in one of our three limousines or planes, as we travel a lot. The office is full of chrome and gold mirrors and has a Telex and various IBM machines. 'Oh, you're lying,' she might say—whoever heard of a nudist camp with a Telex? It's all hard for them to believe, at first. But the money is good, so she might come for an interview anyway. Now, at this interview I'm bold enough to place her in one category or another. Either non-sex, which means she works the computer, doesn't travel and works part-time. But if she's in the sex category she works very closely with me in all matters.

"See, I can't stand fellas . . . men. When I was younger, and very helpless, I had two bad experiences with them. And I *need* people to physically *lift* me to bed and to the bathroom and into the limousine. And I will not allow a man to touch me. Obviously I can't hire an older woman, she might drop me. So I'll hire a young, nude, pretty woman with whom I'm sexually compatible. And if I have to go to London for the weekend I can't have her sleeping in another room, where I have to call to ask her to help me out of bed. She's gonna sleep with me and I'm gonna have sex with her. If I don't have sex every night I get very nervous, and I don't work at my optimum level, and I don't make as much money as I can.

"It's a question of meeting my needs. If a girl works out, she stays. If not, I simply hire another one. I have a choice between three people who live with me, and I'm very dependent on them—so I must choose them like machines to serve me. I do think that if husbands and wives were chosen like this . . . well, it would be a good idea, and very efficient. And it might work out better, who knows?

"My sexual relationships are complicated because of the jealousy factor. I think it's one of the worst human emotions there is. Girls are often very envious of other girls. If I have a 'main' girl it really messes things up. The two behind the desk there, and Pam, I've slept with them all. That's why they're here, and that's why they travel with me. It *has* to be that way.

"Yes, there are problems, but we're changing our official policy next week, and that will help. In the last four-or-five years the old rules have eroded where things are very . . . free. Back then an employee would be brought to work by one of our limousines and taken home afterwards. They never left this main building—ever! They could not take *one jump* on that trampoline. They'd work for maybe sixty hours, including sleep time, without doing anything else in connection with the people here. They didn't see it as losing their freedom—they thought it was fantastic, because they made as much money in two days as they'd otherwise make in five. And back then we *never* had problems.

But now, many who *work* here *live* here and get involved with visitors and members—and certain comments are made. Now, if these same visitors and members were to ask *me*, 'Do you sleep with these girls?' I'd probably say, 'Yeah, I do, what do I pay them for?' It's no big thing with me. But to *them* it's a big expose number . . . oh, it's so ridiculous. Again, jealousy. Like when some of the older women ask me if they can work here, I refuse them. Some get very mad. So when some young, pretty chick is new at work, they'll tell her, Hey, he's gonna do this and that terrible thing to you. They even got to one girl who hadn't even started work. They grabbed her down by the pool and told her all sorts of terrible things, including the fact that I'd never pay her. But she tried it anyway, and none of these god-awful things happened.

"Even some of the men will try and hassle me. Maybe they feel their own masculinity is threatened, because I'm not so young, I'm stuck in a wheelchair, I'm not so fantastic-looking, and yet I'm getting all these cute, young things to hang around. And they can't get girls like these for even $100 a night. The whole set-up just burns them up. Jealousy again, that fierce emotion. I don't think I'm jealous of anyone who's succeeded materialistically—unless he's done it illegally, or he's inherited the money.

"Now I have a jet, and a company where I sell or lease jet airliners. And I do have limousines—not to be showy, but for actual transportation. Some of it's for publicity, but almost everything has a very practical purpose. I must have a driver and a comfortable car. So what should I do, get a little sportscar and try to wedge the wheelchair inside? That's silly. But they can't see that, and they shouldn't waste their time being jealous . . ."

Still and all, his flamboyant lifestyle almost invites criticism—especially the sight of so much available, irresistible flesh. I wondered, since the place is about the most famous truck stop in Indiana, how he restricted certain things, like non-stop orgies on the lawn, from going down?

"Of course I can't restrict *everything*. But I can stop it from happening in public, like sex on the trampoline. Visitors might be offended at the sight, and I've gotta respect their attitudes and their economics. Let's say a couple starts to have sex on the trampoline. I'll just tell them that I, personally, get off watching, but would they please do it in their cottage? Truckers, of course, really like the place. I could claim that it's because the whirlpool relaxes their aching backs; but they can also see movies of our contests with naked girls, real naked girls in the pool and behind the desk, and I won't deny that they're real attractions. But isn't the whole idea of business to attract satisfied customers?

"We have all kinds of conventions here—all the animals, *Elk, Moorse, Eagles* and even a *Cardinal*—really, a member of the Cardinals baseball team. But even if our parties wind up nude, we never throw orgies. It's rather destructive, and it can be very offensive to some guests . . . and we're not in business to offend. Any guest may remain clothed or take his clothes off, as he prefers.

"Our contests are tremendously popular. We started them about eight years ago to encourage more girls and young people to come down here. Back then we couldn't even advertise in many newspapers, as the name "Naked City" was forbidden. So I decided on publicity—you can get a lot more that way, anyhow. Our first contestants weren't . . . well, anywhere near the quality of the girls you see now. And only about a thousand people came out for it, almost all of them press. That's when I realized I had to charge $5 for every press pass. You'd have small radio stations in nearby counties sending twenty people to cover it. Twenty! Was that their whole listening audience? So we wound up one of the few institutions in American history to *charge* the press for free publicity!

"And they've given us so much: fantastic publicity, new members who never knew we existed, and an outlet for go-go girls, strippers, exotics and budding actresses to exhibit themselves. We got so hot that Playboy tried to buy us. Of course I wouldn't sell, no matter how much they offered, or what position they hinted I'd have with their organization. They tried some very devious methods. But they couldn't buy stock—we're a private company—and to pay them back I've bought heavily into *them*. Oh, they can't stand the fact that I'm a stockholder! They should've never gone public, that was one of their many downfalls.

"They were very attracted by our publicity, especially for the contests—they wanted to buy the name 'Miss Nude America' outright. The, when we got more and more coverage—such as when our 1971 winner, Valerie Craft, had her wedding right here on the same sundial she was crowned on—they thought it would be a simple thing to spend a lot of money and take us over. No way, no matter how devious they got.

"Oh, that was fun. The bride and groom were both nude and so was the local justice of the peace, although we had to give him a bottle of wine first—his wife was rather opposed. I don't think the family went nude, but we had the reception here too, and we called the whole thing 'The Naked Troth.' Then there was the couple who got married in the whirlpool bath, and after that the place became very popular for marriages.

"Know what I'd love to have? A nudist divorce! Or a nudist senior prom and a nudist graduation. But our main goals, now, are to build up Naked City as a city—we're already computerized to the point where our confidential mailing list is cross-referenced with special numbers, and all Miss Nude America contestants are categorized versus Miss Nude World, Mr. Nude America, Mr. Nude Trucker or Miss Nude Teeny-Bopper contestants. Nobody gets lost! We know how old she is, what her measurements are, where we can reach her, it's all in the box. We want to sell more jets and have our own airline travel clubs all over the country. And franchising Naked City—you know one nudist resort can only generate so much money.

"I have visions of owning many, many diversified companies, and all of them run by women, as I won't allow men around me. Even my jet pilot will be a woman. It's technically illegal to fly nude—but how will the FAA ever know?"

The Roselawn

(Continued from page 40)

recreation areas and restaurants—a very impressive set-up. He'd definitely devoted great thought to meeting the needs of camp members, from group activities to the very private soirees. No wonder it was such a popular place, and in Indiana no less.

By the time we got back to headquarters (the spaceship) the other celebrity judges were honing in. Walking through the door I noticed a short, wiry dude taking a piss in a corner, makeshift urinal. He was deeply involved in an animated discussion with a tall, blonde Nordic nudie who was giving him her undivided attention. This pageant pisser turned out to be one of my fellow celeb judges, TV star, comedian Professor Irwin Corey.

Nearby, was an attractively distinguished gentleman I heard somebody call Rip Torn. *The* Rip Torn! Star of stage, screen and acting idol of my teens—who could forget *Tropic of Cancer*, *Coming Apart* and *Dance of Death*? I realized, of course, that the shameless-fan approach wouldn't make it, so I played it cool. "Hi there, I'm Andrea Ambers—who are *you*?,' Big stars get a kick out of not being recognized now and then.

"My name's Rip Torn," he answered with magnificent projection, and all my defenses vanished. I immediately broke down and begged for an autograph; even so, we became fast friends. We were deep in conversation over a new project for CHERI, when in walked songstress-beauty Freda Payne. She was followed by the perpetually gorgeous Monique Van Vooren and comedian Corbett Monica.

You could say I was impressed. Last to arrive was the adorable Phil Foster, father of Laverne on the *Laverne and Shirley* show, who came in dropping quips and adding to the general all-around merriment that seemed to be taking place.

At around 2pm the celebrity judges left the rarified atmosphere of the pleasure dome and ventured into the real world. At the judge's stand, I was squeezed in between the handsome Corbett Monica and Rip Torn, who were quickly getting into the Naked City spirit by removing all their excess articles of clothing. Overcoming my natural modesty, I turned happy exhibitionist too, flashing a boob here and a piece of ass there.

I began to suspect that Professor Corey had already been hitting the cold stuff, when he sent down the forceful message that we all had better vote for Miss Scotland. Rip and I figured this was a little precipitous, since the contest hadn't even begun.

At this point, it was announced that the judging of the "Mr Nude Trucker" competition would start off the festivities. I sat there with pen cocked, (hoping for some hunky studs in the line-up) when Freda "Band of Gold" Payne let out a loud squawk. Apparently, she'd agreed to participate in the judging of The MISS NUDE WORLD CONTEST, but found the MR NUDE TRUCKER a bit too much for her tender tum-tum. I gathered, from her ensuing argument with Dick, that she had very little desire to compare the relative merits of dudes running around the podium with their salamis swaying in the breeze. However, her sense of good humor must have won out, since she soon returned to her seat to help us choose a winner, wienie and all.

Dick Drost, flanked by his two blonde, sunshaded assistants, sat behind a huge microphone and introduced us all to the thousands who came out to witness this fortuitous event. Loyal CHERI readers applauded hysterically at my name, and I felt very welcome—also very loose (I guess guzzling the cold beer under the hot sun hadn't helped any).

Then it was time for the TRUCKER contest to begin. Boogeyin' around the podium to the pulsing strains of pop-favorite "The Streak," the guys smiled and waved at the audience. They then headed over towards the judges to pose and show us their plates. Wow! There were nearly thirty truckers from all over the country, and believe me they came in *all* shapes and sizes. Monique and Freda, truly gentile broads, both kept their eyes demurely downcast—but you better believe mine were right up there, peering and peeled. I mean, as a celebrity judge it was my sworn duty to take it all in, right? Pretty soon, yours truly was becoming so aroused that Cheri Bomb had to hold me back from bouncing up to the podium and offering them lifetime contracts for CHERI centerfolds. I was especially impressed with the entries from Indiana, North Carolina and Illinois, each of all of whom can switch my gears whenever they're truckin' through the Big Apple.

Although I named these beautiful boys as runners-up in the competition, I had to vote for Mr. Nude Wisconsin as the winner. He was no more than 5' 2", white-haired and sweet, and he'd looked as though he'd been hauling heavy loads before I ever decided to dump mine. He was so adorable as he flashed his license plate, that my heart and vote went right out to him. Unfortunately, Mr. Nude North Carolina, handsome brute that he was, won the big title with second and third place going to Illinois and Indiana. Girls squealed in lascivious delight as the winners posed and smiled for photographers. I did notice more than one note being passed surreptitiously from admiring fans to winning truckers. Not a bad idea, I thought, however the next contest was to begin so quickly I didn't have the time to properly follow it through.

Nearly every corner of the world was represented, and every possible figure type too. Tall, short, thin, squat bushy-pubed, small-breasted, earth-mamas or silicone supported, they were all struttin' their stuff in grand style. The crowds went wild. As they screamed and hooted for their favorites, the girls paraded slowly around the circular arena, stopping briefly to satisfy the crazy clickings from the photographers. Not one of them seemed shy or hesitant, and I was duly impressed. Even though we are living in the swinging Seventies, how many women would really have the natural presence to walk nude in front of thousands of horny, screaming admirers—not one of whom gives a damn about their poise, personality or congeniality points?

What a production! Dick Drost had spared no expense in presenting his girls in the most elaborate and intricate manner. They were all individually introduced, alphabetically, as their country's native music played in the background. As Miss France paraded her puss in front of us, "La Marseillese" blared out, and the lovely Fraulein from Germany, with a pair of Knockwursts they could've charged duty on at customs, brought on some old Teutonic marching song. Miss USA, who looked like she'd been "eating" a lot more than apple pie, posed to the strains of our national anthem and gathered a huge round of patriotic applause.

To my mind, these sweeties had bods far superior to those of the Miss America and Miss USA contests, plus being about three hundred times hipper! Miss Belgium was flabbergastingly devastating and Miss Yugoslavia, who came complete with a huge bow in her pubes, was a natural crowd pleaser.

With every introduction came a short bio, namely their answers to hokey questions like "Who's your favorite movie star?" Most girls answered with standard responses like Redford, Newman and McQueen—but some of the smarter contestants tried to sway a few votes by responding Rip Torn, Phil Foster and Corbett Monica.

The upshot of it all is that Miss Nude Jamaica won and spectators, relatives, fans, ever persistent photographers and other press parasites began gearing up for the evening celebration, a supper-dance being held to honor all the winners—and losers, too. Before things got too hectic, Miss Jamaica managed to steal away and give me an exclusive interview and photo session that I'm sure you fans will appreciate. I couldn't help but think how wonderful it would be if Miss America was actually run this way—why, it could actually become more interesting than the commercial breaks! Oh well, until the next contest. . . . Judge Andrea Ambers.

SEXPO '77

(Continued from page 15)

by his strobe, we set out to uncover the juice. Peter, however, set out to uncover the nearest martini, so I was left to fend for myself. Not for long, though. Before you could whisper "Windy City" I was set upon by a gangly fellow who wanted to initiate me into the joys of nudism via the **PONDEROSA SUN CLUB**. I begged off, explaining that I'd just returned from a nipple-scorching weekend at **NAKED CITY** with Dick Drost and that it would be quite awhile before my tender pubes could come into contact with anything other than "Solarcaine" for a long time.

I waved a cheerful, "maybe next time" and headed off to the booth marked **MIDWEST HOT-LINE**. This corner booth seemed to be manned by a particularly enthusiastic crew, headed-up by my friend Mike and his associate in swing, Joan. As co-editors of the *HOT-LINE* they immediately introduced me to some of the swingers whose ads and P.O. box numbers actually appear in print. Up until this time I had assumed that most swingers' publications were either fakes or hooker come-ons. Mike explained how wrong I was—at least in his neck of the woods.

"The *HOT-LINE* is for real! We are extremely careful to screen all applicants to ensure their ads as honest, on-the-level swingers. Phonies or hookers would only mean bad business for us. You'd be surprised at how many midwesterners are involved with the swing movement. Our clubs here in Chicago are very well organized and extremely well attended."

Two ladies wandered up to us as we spoke. Mike introduced them as Lois and Bernice. Bernice caught my eye immediately, not only because she was a pretty girl with a big smile, but because she was a pretty girl with a huge body.

"275 pounds of loooove" she informed me, and I urged her to show me her ad in the lastest *HOT-LINE* edition.

"BIG MAMA IS BACK!" it said. "LET ME SMOTHER YOU WITH LOVE." Her pendulous breasts practically spilled off the page, and her full-faced photo ran along with her bio and box number.

Lois, a shy and attractive black swinger, modestly turned to the page where her ad appeared and pushed it in my direction.
"CHICAGO-AREA BI-SEXUAL INTERESTED IN MEETING MEN AND WOMEN OF ANY AGE. LIKES FRENCH BUT NO S/M, B&D, GREEK OR ROUGH STUFF."

These women were very together—who says the midwest is behind in the times? The only thing these conventioneers were behind was some pretty heavy swing scenes! If you want to check out the HOT-LINE on your own, write to P.O. Box 7425, Chicago, Illinois 60680.

Many swing clubs and magazines were represented at the convention, so I decided to play fair and check out another periodical called **RENDEVOUS**. To my surprise I found much of the same, honest swingers who were into sharing their alternate lifestyle. *RENDEVOUS*, edited by swinging couple John and Lil, is a new publication with over thirty pages of swinger ads, plus plenty of other information, like new club openings and a complete glossary of swinging terms—so you'll never be tongue-tied at a real *cock*tail party. Manning the booth were Nancy and Bill, who were the premier issue's cover and centerfold couple. Peter managed to catch them in some impromptu (clothed) poses before we moved on to the next exhibit. If you want to catch more of Nancy and Bill or subscribe to *RENDEVOUS*, contact John or Lil at P.O. Box 280, Wheeling, Illinois, 60090.

"LET YOUR DREAMS COME ALIVE," the sign read, "LEARN ABOUT GENDER SERVICES."

The next stop on the convention trail. Always willing to learn, I approached the representative for an explanation. A soft-spoken young gentleman informed me that Gender Services is a social service agency dealing solely with the problems confronting transvestites, female impersonators, transsexuals and drag queens. Through weekly seminars and organized social affairs, they try and bring this form of sexuality out of the closet and into their evening gowns.

He urged me to tell CHERI readers that Gender Services can be contacted at 2745 North Clark Street, suite 210, Chicago, Illinois.

I left Gender Services to wander about the hall, which had swelled with at least a thousand carnally curious conventioneers. I was waiting for something titillating to catch my eye, when I noticed two of the most beautiful breasts I had ever seen. They were attached to a see-through bloused woman who was busily engaged in conversation with Peter Hurd. She was promoting an astrological dating service called **JOY OF LIFE**, while he was promoting the merits of posing in the pink for a CHERI centerfold. Somehow, I don't think it was in the stars.

Next, I spotted a booth whose bold, black-lettered poster read **UP**. Curious, I sidled toward the handsome gentleman who was manning the booth and inquired,

"What's UP?"

"Hey, that's cute, Bill . . . Bill, come here, you gotta here this, say it again . . . come on . . ."

"What's UP?" I repeated, my tone slightly inflected. The booth dissolved in laughter; I was on a roll and I didn't know why.

"No," I explained "I really want to know what UP is."

UP, I soon discovered, stands for Unique Programs for Unique People. Al Manaster, a dead-ringer for Robert Preston, and the organizing founder of UP, explained it all.

"Our program is for singles who dig being single and want to meet people who feel the same way. There's a lot of educating to be done. With today's uncommitted sexual lifestyles, a whole new social etiquette has to be formulated. Emily Post may have been a together guide decades ago but she sure isn't where it's at today! We have to make people understand that single people aren't necessarily lonely losers."

"How do you spread the word?" I asked.

"Through weekly meetings and weekend excursions. We also organize socials and parties, but not so that people can find a mate—more so people can discover the singleness in each other and themselves.

UP can be reached at 729 West Roscoe, Chicago, ILLinois.

The festivities continued throughout the evening. I visited with representatives from the **FREE BEACH** movement, **BIRTHRIGHT**, **MATTACHINE MIDWEST** and various feminist organizations. I also had the pleasure of meeting up with Lloyd Levine again. Lloyd, the founding father of the alternate lifestyles movement, is doing some terrific work and is really putting his all into the sexual freedom movement.

At about 11 p.m. I was asked to give an impromptu speech with friend and fellow editor, Irv Karchmar of **NEW PINK.** We spoke about the sex publishing field for a few moments and then dragged Cheri away from her bombarded booth to answer questions from the audience. Unfortunately, by this time the conventioneers were at the "What-size-lampshade-does-my-head-fit?" stage, so the questions ran along the lines of "Are those bazoobies for real?" directed of course to Cheri, and, "Where can I get the telephone number of your July covergirl?"

One well-dressed gentleman did inquire as to why we keep cutting the feet off some of the models photos. I responded that I'd keep an eye open for this in the future . . . Sorry feet freaks.

The convention was a smashing success. According to the participants and the thousands of people who wandered in and around, it was indeed a unique experience. A tired but happy Mike Sawyer summed up the convention this way:

"We achieved what we came to accomplish. People came out of their post-office boxes and into the limelight, where they belong."

EXPOSED!

(Continued from page 54)

He agreed to give me about a week and eased off his *schtick*. Jill and I began whispering.

"You can do it, Michele. We'll work together. I know you can do it. We've done some crazy things together and made it through. Where's your balls?"

"I don't have 'em anymore. I lost 'em in the last S&M film we did."

"Quit fooling! You can strip, it's easy."

"Since when did *you* get so courageous?!" I squealed. The men in the front row turned around to see who was carrying on like an idiot in the back.

"Jill, I don't know why I'm so scared, but I'm scared. This is exhibiting and flaunting my body . . . to crazy old men. I can't do it."

"Listen, just try it. We don't have to sign any contract or anything. If we can't handle it, we'll walk out. That's all, we'll just stop what we're into and walk out."

Now that intrigued me. Stripping didn't but walking out in the middle of a show, thumbing my nose at those oogling ogres, that intrigued me.

"You're right. If I don't like it I can leave. Come on, let's go into the office."

That was the beginning of a very, very intriguing experience.

I really didn't have any sort of elaborate costume collection. All the girls I had seen were wearing gorgeous glitter outfits, wildly fancy hats, and sexy as hell underthings. I had my "sexy" red cotton underwear with the matching pink harness-type bra. (I'm large breasted so I need very supportive brassieres). I had no nylons that reach to the top of your thigh, and my shoes looked like mountain-climbing boots. (I always prided myself on being a "natural woman"—the kind that wore shoes for comfort, *not* for vanity). Well, you can imagine my grief when I walked in for the first day at work. Thank the Lord Jill and I were put in the same dressing room. At least I had someone whose arms I could collapse in if things got really bad.

All the other girls had their own specially edited tapes of the music they like to dance to. Of course, yours truly had four records, ranging from some so-so jazz stripping music to violent Monkees/Rascals type rock.

I figured that 23 minutes on stage was nothing. I worked long tedious 12-hour days in my life, so a mousey 23 minutes was nothing . . .

I was wrong, wrong and wrong. TRAGEDY #1: My friend Jill went on first. (A little pleading, whining, and out-and-out force got her to agree.) Jill is a professional dancer. She took something like 10 years of ballet, eight years of modern dance—all the necessary background to be a smash on this low-class burlesque stage. TRAGEDY #2: Sure the guys liked her . . . she danced up a storm . . . didn't stop for one minute . . . and she limped off stage, bathed in sweat, whimpering, "Michele. 23 minutes is a fucking long time. Take it slow and easy or we'll never make it through this day."

To make a long first day short, we both made it, in one piece (a sweaty, tired one-piece, but one piece nonetheless). The men liked me, especially my chesty blessing from heaven and my "big bush." I had never heard the expression "bush" before, and was very surprised to hear a fuss made over my little ol' pussy. What I found out was that my hairy bush was not neatly trimmed like all the other experienced strippers. Bushes like mine were a rare commodity in this strange atmosphere.

When you do five shows a day, you learn very quickly how to relax on stage, waste minutes, and rest without looking like you're resting. What these men wanted to see was close-up body parts—the inside of vaginas, assholes, etc. It's not really as gross as it sounds. The majority of the audience were old men, 60 years and up. They hung out at the theater all day, taking breaks for food and fresh city air. They were old, yet still horny (whether it was physical virility or a vivid imagination). Some were widowers, others had wives who had no desire left for screwing, and most of the men I observed and spoke to were simply lonely. They'd pay as much as they needed to, to get a moment's friendly companionship.

Jill and I quickly got bored of the standard stripping routine. After the second day we decided to combine our time and make one terrific act that we both would enjoy doing. *Men are easy to please* . . . You could do a reading from a technical science manual and as long as you show pussy (as they say in this circuit) they'll be satisfied. So, we decided to become creative and take a few chances. *Look out Broadway . . . Here We Come*!

With limited funds, and a relatively ordinary costume selection, (waitress uniforms, camp T-shirts, my mother's old fashioned glitter jacket) we put together some terrific acts. We came out dressed as little girls—short shorts, T-shirts, baseball caps—and supplied ourselves with five-and-dime props to make up for our lack of fancy outfits. We had waterguns, balloons, rubber bouncy balls and instead of focusing on sex and seduction, we just played games. We actually played catch with these guys and they loved it. We woke them up. Sitting in a dim burlesque house all day puts you into a deep trance. So we squirted them with water, punched balloons at them and giggled a lot. Of course we did the standard rotating pussy number, but I really wonder whether these guys wouldn't simply have got off just playing kiddy games with us.

A favorite act of ours was a "Beauty and the Beast" satire. We constructed signs like the real old time burlesque acts used, and paraded them around the stage: "THIS WAY TO BEASTY'S HOUSE" "APPLAUSE" "THE END" etc. Jill played the innocent young maiden (she was thin and delicate) and I played the ferocious beast. We had the audience participating like kids do at a puppet show. Jill would huddle in a corner of the stage and say, "Gee, I wonder where the beast is?" The guys would yell, "There she is! Over there! Watch out!" The nicest part about it was that we had a great time doing it.

It's a whole different world behind the stage. When we first went backstage there was a sign posted, "NO TWO GIRLS ALLOWED IN DRESSING ROOM WITH DOOR CLOSED." When we inquired about the reason for this ruling we found out about some lesbian coercion stories. All I know is that no one came on to me, and after the initial tension of two new girls in the house, we all became friends. It was just like sleepaway camp. Girls running around naked, giggling and posing in front of mirrors. The guys who ran the record players and lights were middle-aged men who just loved telling you what nice tits you had or what a dynamite ass you swung.

All in all, it was an intriguing seven days. Besides the salary at the end of the week, we made tips by kissing guys and dancing in front of them. Once in a while some old turned on grandpa would grab you but it was meant more playfully than anything else. There is one incident that really broke me up. Jill and I were jumping around on stage naked, doing our thing, and some aged studs were shouting for Jill's attention. She began gyrating her pussy in front of them when one of the wrinkled wranglers whipped out a pen flashlight. Jill sat down on the stage to do some leg spreading (which is standard in all acts) and a whole bunch of these "daddies" stood up and leaned forward to examine the inside of her crotch (without touching her, of course). Imagine the scene. It looked like a convention of retired dentists investigating a newly-found cavity. I broke down in hysterics, sat on the stage and laughed until our time was up. What *will* they think of next?

The night of the last show I actually felt a bit melancholy. Working five shows a day, seven days a week, brought me to feeling like part of a weird but wonderful family. We collected our money, kissed our co-workers good-bye and went out into the noisy hustling streets of Manhattan. Boy . . . will I have something to tell my grandchildren!

SUE FEELE.SUPERSTAR

(Continued from page 30)

A quick sprint to Murray's cabin on Saturday morning got us out of braiding lanyards in afternoon *Arts and Crafts*, and at 3:00 the preparations began in earnest. First of all, the braces came off, wire by wire, rubber band by rubber band. Then our hair was set in clips and Scotch tape, a can of spray net carefully sprayed on each virginal head. We were then given the final instructions on eye-contact technique —pick out the boy you want, and then stare at him 'till you get his attention. When you've got it, shift your eyes immediately and look bored—and move fast— the good ones get grabbed up the first night, and you're left with losers for the rest of the summer. We were grounded in the subtleties of the "Fish", a Fifties dance in which you entwined your arms about your partner's neck, bumped your midsections together, and blew in each other's ears. (Moving your feet was considered bad form).

During dinner, someone from Bunk-14 ran to tell Murray that all of Bunk-12 was in pin-curls in the dining room, which was expressly outlawed in the manual, "*Etiquette in Camp Su-Mur-Nor, the Kosher Haven for Active Children*." But Murray had mysteriously disappeared.

At 8:00, we trooped off to the social hall, our beehive heads held high. We were hot, and we knew it.

I scanned the social hall, and with commendable alacrity, picked out the boy I wanted. He was blond and looked very suave, as he leaned on the juke box and mouthed the words to "Shrimp Boats are A-Coming". I zoomed in, as directed, and stared at him until he was finally forced into asking me to dance. Luck was with me. They were playing "My Prayer", a perfect "Fish" number. We "Fished", my hips rotating with the speed and precision of a Cuisinart mincing a cucumber. I blew in his ear like crazy. He started sweating like an ox. He was mine. I checked to see how everyone else was doing. Most of Bunk-14 was watching enviously from the wooden bleachers, while all of Bunk-12 was out on the floor with the cutest boys.

Barbara, meanwhile, was off in a corner plotting a "surprise raid." The boys were going to sneak around the lake in the middle of the night and surprise us. An elaborate system of underwear semaphore signals was set up, and at midnight we went back to our bunks, tightened our hospital corners, put on our baby dolls, and waited for the boys.

At 4:00 am, we heard a rustling of leaves, and an anxious male voice whispered, "We're here." This was followed by a blur of flashlights, and by some miracle, every boy managed to find the bed of the girl he had "Fished" with earlier that evening. My blond sweetie, Gary Plotkin, and I were soon kissing, somewhat inexpertly, but with great fervor. Unfortunately, I blew the jewels a few minutes later when Gary grabbed for my breasts, which I had thoughtlessly removed four hours before, and he came up with a fingerful of inverted nipple. His ardor waned immediately, and we passed the next hour or so doing crossword puzzles from Junior Scholastic.

Needless to say, at the next social I sat on the bleachers, fighting back my tears, watching Gary blissfully "Fish" with Louise Pinchik, of Bunk-14, who had a brain the size of a Greek olive, and also a set of cranshaw-melon jugs. Gary had obviously decided that it was easier to try to make a big-titted girl *smart* than it was to make a smart girl *grow tits.*

Although my sex life was effectively halted for the rest of the summer, my knowledge increased by leaps and bounds. I learned about female orgasms and masturbating that summer, and tried some finger action, but my genitals obviously hadn't yet gotten the message that they were not just there for decorative purposes.

Most of my sexual activities occurred afternoons when I cut school and attended combination house-wrecking and "making-out" parties. These were held regularly at the houses of friends whose parents both worked during the day. The party usually began with someone inserting a funnel into a watermelon and bloating the melon with ethyl alchohol, freshly produced in a science lab. We then added straws and sucked until the melon was dry. Then the fun began. I still relish the image of someone planting a cherry bomb in Lucy Shiffman's toilet bowl and waiting for the inevitable explosion, which left an exposed pipe in the midst of a pile of porcelain shards. Then there was the time we reversed the motor on Jerry Gould's vacuum cleaner and blew all the ashtrays out the window.

When we got bored of house-wrecking, we'd practice dry-humping and finger-fucking, pastimes which are now as extinct as the great Auk.

It wasn't until I hit puberty that I had my first real sexual response.

When it finally happened, all my accumulated wisdom availed me not at all. It is as vivid in my mind as though it happened yesterday. This heavenly-looking boy, Paul Isaccs, who had more than a passing resemblance to Sal Mineo, was practicing the fine art of putting his penis next to my vagina without actually inserting it, and was reaching that fine point of inserting it a half-inch without moving it (which was still officially considered "not doing it"), when suddenly, I started shaking like the lead singer in a rumba band. My eyes and nose dripped, and my entire body ached. "Shit", I said, "I'm catching a cold", and I jumped up and closed the windows. So much for second-hand knowledge.

For the next two years, I leaped with mad lust upon anyone who would stand still long enough, but no one would lay me, no matter how much I begged and pleaded. I had a well-established rep as a "nice girl", and these boys were as hardened to virgins as are coroners to post-mortems. It was the prevailing wisdom that if you broke a girl's cherry, you'd never be able to get rid of her.

I finally saw my chance the night of the MIT Junior Prom, when I realized that my date was too drunk to fight me off. As he sprawled on the bed in a stupor, I yanked off his pants, rolled him on top of me, and maneuvered his cock into my waiting vagina. He started moving automatically, but we were both too drunk to feel much. "We're doing it", I shouted, ecstatic. There was a groggy reply. "Doing what?"

The next day, I convinced him that I'd been terrific, and made sure that he passed it on to all his friends. After that, I became one of the most popular girls on campus, and was even nominated as a finalist in the "Homecoming Queen" Contest.

So you see, I learned about sex, and so did all of my friends, without having to sit through boring lectures, or play around with plastic mannikins and their movable parts.

The Europeans have an even better system. As my French friend, Laurent, explained it to me, "When you're ten, your 30-year-old aunt seduces you, and, *voila*, you've learned all about sex." Simple as ABC.

More on "Is There Sex After Puberty?" next month. If you'd like to write to me about some of *your* early sexual experiences, I'd love to hear about them. Address them to me, Suzanne Feele, c/o CHERI magazine.

THE BEEHIVE

(Continued from page 28)

but I can't for the life me remember what was going on.

Roy, the shoe man from Cornwell Heights, said he was my best *weiner* fan. He brought nine guys with him.

There were bachelor parties for Joe, (who smoked a pussy cigarette) Ed, and Mr. Harold. Hugo said he was going to marry Trish on Sunday, June 5th. Tom said he was getting married on June 4th, which is the anniversary of when I met Peter in Baltimore, so I was touched to think that Tom was getting married on that special date.

About fifty guys came in to have a bachelor party for Tim. They had it rehearsed real well. They chanted, "Tim, Tim, Tim . . . ah Tim . . . ahhh," making their voices sound soft and passionate at intervals, while they marched all around the bar.

Bachelor parties are always a lot of fun. I notice that the guys never fail to take the bachelor to see pussy, and of course the girls love to tease the bachelor. There've been many bachelors parties celebrated in the club, and I'm sorry I didn't get all their names over the last few years I worked there.

We usually have huge crowds at night, but the last time wasn't as crowded as usual. On my way home, on the bus from Philadelphia to Washington D.C., I met a darling young man named Kris, who told me that he and his friends thought about coming to see me, but they had heard the admission price was jumped up two dollars extra, and that it was so crowded they were afraid they wouldn't get a seat. I decided that I'm going to have it put into my contract that the owner cannot charge over one dollar extra on the admission price. I am a great admirer of Joan Baez and I think it's wonderful that she made her promoters stop charging people so much to see her. I belong to the poor people, too.

DeeDee, a talented singer and pianist stopped by, and Lefty (the Kool Kat) gave me a nude doll that has a battery-run radio inside. The radio is operated by the nipples on the doll's tits. Frank, and his brother, John, brought in a ping-pong paddle for me to sign. They showed me a trophy they had made out of a ping-pong ball I had shot out of my puss. Someday, cultural artifacts of this kind may be displayed at the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C., as sociological events of the '70s.

Philadelphia is famous for its "Hoagie" sandwiches, which are delicious beyond words. They even taste better than my pussyburgers. The best hoagie I found was at Al's "Just a Hoagie" on 13th Street.

I went scavenging for peanut butter on Memorial Day. Apple Jack's was closed, so I went around the corner to another store. All they had left was a local-yokel brand. When I used it on stage, the oil separated from the rest of it, causing huge chunks of it to plop off my puss. I reacted spontaneously, "This stuff looks like shit!" The audience roared. I couldn't tell you what the peanut butter tasted like. I haven't gone near it (with my mouth) since I started using it in my act.

It's inconceivable to me, but some guys did wolf down my pussyburgers.

I worked with a lot of wonderful saints in Philadelphia: Bobbi The High Steppin' Mamma, Cherry Wild, Sherry Wine, Dawn, Mario, Butch, Gypsy, Valarie, Vanessa, Jessica and many others.

Sabu, one of the bouncers, was my bodyguard, and he escorted me home from work each night. He has a black belt in Karate, and he teaches it, as well. Everyone seemed to know him as we walked down the street. I noticed one guy taking a piss in an alley, and I thought, 'Here's *one* guy who won't be greeting Sabu,' but sure enough, with limp, dripping cock still in hand, he turned all the way around to murmur, "Hi, Sabu."

I used to get extra copies of CHERI from John and Tom at the newsstand on Broad and Locust Street, but I'm sorry to see they're no longer there. I was shocked to hear that Willy, the owner of the Hearts and Flowers bar had died. He was such a wonderful man.

The place where I worked got busted again, early Saturday evening, June 4. They arrested the go-go girls and the manager, but your ole Honeysuckle did the right thing. I escaped through a secret entrance.

I, KIM POPE

(Continued from page 24)

school four days a week and worked the other three. Of course she did take some time off, but not much. After the first six months business was so good that she had to find another girl to live with her to handle the overflow, and to help in the entertainment of some of her clientele. Susan found it necessary to change these roommates frequently because her clientele liked variety. It was through this practice of changing these girls that she became acquainted with other call girls in Allentown, who ran established houses and, of course, the street hooker. Susan told me that Allentown has become the Mecca for prostitution. Although it was once practiced discreetly here, it is now a wide-open business. It seems that the pimps heard about Allentown and came by to check it out. Finding it an ideal location, they brought their ladies in to work the streets. It wasn't long before eight square blocks in the heart of the downtown area started to look like a mini Eighth Avenue. There were dozens of girls, mostly white and all very young.

The evening Susan and I were in Allentown, we drove around while Susan pointed out the sites. Allentown is truly a very pretty city. There are lots of parks and tree lined streets. The houses all look well kept and the people are cheerful. Everything seems to be manicured; houses, lawns and people. If there is such a place you could call "typically middle-class American," Allentown is that place. I did see a couple of adult book stores, and the inevitable X-rated movie theatre, but nothing I had seen thus far conjured up images of a Sodom and Gomorrah. I told Susan that this wasn't my idea of a sin city. She explained that there are two types of prostitution in Allentown. The first is the covert type which carries on indoors and out of the public eye. In fact, we had passed a couple of places in our drive around the city. The second type is the street prostitute. The girl who works the street and plies her trade out in the open. That was where we were heading for now. We drove down Hamilton Street underneath its shiny glass top and the equally shiny store fronts and clean streets. Everything still looked manicured. We passed Tenth Street, Ninth Street, Eighth Street, and then on the corner of Seventh Street were five young ladies of the evening. There was no mistaking them, for they were wearing the uniform that street prostitutes wear from coast to coast—very tight hot pants and halter tops. We turned the corner and were greeted by more girls dressed in similar fashions. We drove around the eight square blocks and estimated about seventy-five to one-hundred girls circulating around the neighborhood. It took us a considerable amount of time to drive the circuit because of the automobile traffic. In these cars are the ladies' prospective customers. They cruise the area, looking the girls over, and when they see one that strikes their fancy they pull over to the curb and call the girl close to the car to discuss the transaction. We parked the car and walked around in order to get a better look at the action.

Like all groups, they are split up into two segments: the working girls who give their customer what he pays for and the hustlers who are only interested in rip-offs. The girls I talked to were working girls. They also expressed resentment towards the hustlers because they give the whole business a bad name.

They told me that the customers are not just from this area, but come from as far away as New Jersey, Philadelphia and Scranton.

As for the girls themselves, they come from all over the country to work in Allentown. Most of them have pimps, and they choose where their ladies work. The word is out that Allentown is a good place to work. There are quite a few up from Florida for the summer. For the most part, the pimps tend to keep a low profile. At least you don't see the usual pimp-mobile or the stereotype, wearing a purple jumpsuit and platform shoes.

The girls I spoke to told me they were averaging three-hundred dollars a night, and normally worked from nine in the evening 'till about three in the morning. All of them felt they were doing no wrong; in fact, it was the opposite. They felt they were filling a need in society. After all, prostitution is one of the oldest professions, and I might add that it is also very lucrative.

Driving out of Allentown after a very informative evening, I couldn't help but wonder just how many other sin cities there are scattered throughout this country. How about your town, dear reader, is it also a sin city??

DIVINE DECADENCE

(Continued from page 26)

Not surprisingly, a whole bunch of inmates send me drawings and stuff. Many prisoners discover that they have hidden talents. I get sketches that could pass for professional. One cat from Repressa, California, sent me an elaborate series of erotic-comix depicting himself (and yours truly) entwined in heavenly sexual-congress. Fantastic bliss! He's promised to make his dream come true when he is eligible for parole in March.

Photography is a favorite sport of prisoners. I get a lot of Poloroids; many prisoners are eager to display their "hidden talent!" Usually their talent isn't hidden from this trained eye, anyhow! I know a talented trouser-snake when I see one! Every picture tells a story. Some of those photos are tremendous! Oh . . . to be in their showers!

I send these artists free subscriptions to *The Sun* and *His and Hers*. Their contributions help keep my papers a class above the competition. But you don't have to be a shut-in to qualify for a freebie. You really should write to me, baby. It's big fun! And what could be more worthwhile than a CHERI Reader's sex letter? I love it!

This month I received a pile of poems. Some of them are great. Here's one from a guy in Soledad:

behind my wall I yearn, Maureen
to take you for my Pleasure Queen
to share sweet love in Darkness' flight
bewinged and plunging through the
night
I and thou enwrapped and gloved
mindless boiling shoved and shoved
we would scale the blessed delight
to slay the demons wrong and right
to fall cascade aeons anon
My love could kill a Buick.

Pretty good, eh? Here's another one; this goodie is from one of my regular correspondents in San Quentin:

My love goes down
it spins around
It picks a bail o' cotton
I grabs my weiner and I ramrod home
I hang it on the wall
Maureen, your legs is shakin'
look deeply in my eyes
After eleven years of wick undipped
you'll know my 22-seconds'
Surprise . . .

I really love that one. I have it tacked over my desk. He is such a clever son of a bitch. I really look forward to his letters. If he wasn't in prison, he could be a comedian.

I wonder about that sort of thing, you know? Where would these turkeys be if they hadn't fucked-up and landed in the can? I come in contact with some very talented men. They deserve something better.

Well, if they can't have something better,

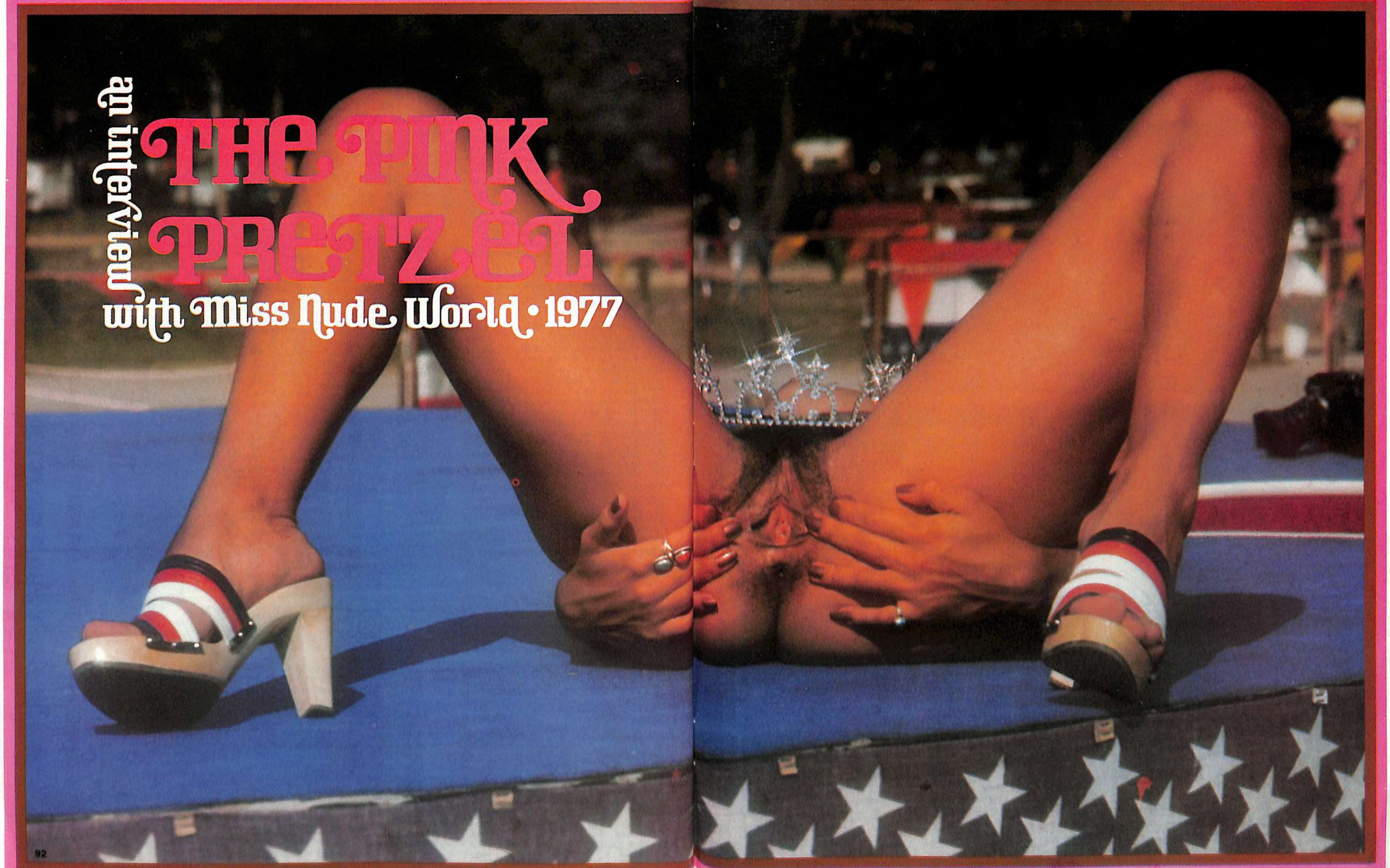
(Continued on page 98)

PHOTOS BY PETER HURD

an interview

THE PINK PRETZEL

with Miss Nude World • 1977



INTERVIEW BY MIKE FOLDES

While the wind blew, and the sun shone, and Rip Torn surfaced after a decade of ignominy, and our precious publisher Andrea Ambers bounced her boobies, and photographer Peter Hurd ran around handily shooting whatever moved on the playing fields of Dick Drost's Naked City, Racquel Danielle was being crowned Miss Nude World, 1977.

After three years of trying, Raquel finally triumphed—thus finishing her career as a nude beauty pageant contestant—as she tells CHERI in this cock-teasing interview. A professional stripper, Racquel only occasionally performs "the pink pretzel," which she demonstrates here for the first time ever in print.

What next? Well, says she, "I'd like to enter the Miss America pageant someday." But her act, of course, just wouldn't be the same.

CHERI: Are you a professional contortionist?
RAQUEL: No. I'm a stripper and I do that in my act.
CHERI: Where are you working now?
RACQUEL: At the Red Garter Lounge in Indianapolis.

CHERI: How did you get into stripping?
RACQUEL: I started out as a go-go dancer about three years ago at the Hustler Club. I stayed there a couple of months, went back to Indianapolis, and then I went out to L.A. I came back and got my show together in Indiana. I love it. I love the whole thing.
CHERI: Does it turn you on to be on stage nude?
RACQUEL: No. It's just that I enjoy entertaining. It turns me on in the way that I'm turning on other people.
CHERI: What's the strangest thing that ever happened to you while you were doing an act?
RACQUEL: The strangest thing? Well, to be honest, it was a little embarrassing. I didn't cut my tampax string one night when I was doing my act. It was just hanging there. The guys got off on it.
CHERI: What do you think of the Miss Nude World contest?
RACQUEL: You know, like there were so many different types of people down there. Some are not so much there for the contest as to gawk at the naked bodies, and take pictures. Then there are the members, *(Continued on page 98)*

KELLY

(Continued from page 82)

that and you gotta be friendly to make the good tips, right? Well, if you got a boyfriend, he's gonna get upset. I been going with my guy since high school. We met in Health Class. Then we both quit school. I've been working in restaurants since I was sixteen, y'know. Unless you've been to business school or can really type, you end up working in restaurants, that's all there is to it. And it's such a hassle. All them old hillbillies messing with you all the time. . . "

Kelly swears she's going to get out of the business—and out of Indianapolis, too.

"This is Nap Town. Snore City, if you know what I mean. It's a zillion years behind the times. In most states, you can get into any bar at eighteen. Not here. The legal age is 21 and they make you carry three pieces of ID. Plus, the ABC people are all over the place. The only hot time is Memorial Day. People will come for the "500" a week or two in advance. The partying seems to go on forever. But it gets real rowdy by the time of the big race. They start throwing beer bottles into the crowd and like that. . . . Everywhere you go, anytime you seem to have a good thing going, there always seems to be a pack of drunked-up nuts ready to spoil it. Guys'll just jump on you and try to tear your clothes off. It's crazy. Things get out of control."

I don't know. Doesn't sound so bad to me. And Kelly seems to have come through it all right. Hey, you out there in Nap Town, you might just be seeing me roundabout "500" time next year!

THE PINK PRETZEL

(Continued from page 96)

CHERI: What's the strangest thing that happened to you during the contest?

RACQUEL: Oh. When I won a lady walked up to me . . . her and her husband . . . and he wanted, he was really excited about my body, and he said she wanted my body. They followed me around all day.

CHERI: Did he offer you money?

RACQUEL: No. It was something he said she wanted to do.

CHERI: Did he tell you what he wanted you to do?

RACQUEL: Well, he said she wanted to go down on me.

CHERI: Do you get propositioned a lot? Like at work?

RACQUEL: Yes. At work. In my car. At the grocery store . . .

CHERI: Do you go out with any of the men who ask you?

RACQUEL: No . . . I'm the kind of person who likes to choose.

CHERI: Why? Do you have a boyfriend?

RACQUEL: Yes . . . two.

CHERI: How old are you?

RACQUEL: 21.

CHERI: Your boyfriends don't mind one another?

RACQUEL: Well, as long as I respect myself, then they're all for it.

CHERI: Do you see them both at the same time?

RACQUEL: No. They don't know one another.

CHERI: Do you like having sex with your feet behind your head?

RACQUEL: It's kind of uncomfortable. I've done it, but it can be uncomfortable.

CHERI: You'd probably rather have a guy go down on you while you're in that position.

RACQUEL: Yes.

CHERI: Do you like big cocks, or little cocks or is size of no account?

RACQUEL: Anything that gets me off.

CHERI: Do you like to go down on men?

RACQUEL: I'd say that's one of my better points.

CHERI: Would you say some women are naturally good at it and some women wouldn't have a chance? Is there a natural cocksucker?

RACQUEL: Yes. Some women go down on a guy and they aren't really satisfying him. I know that when I started I was all teeth.

CHERI: What is your technique like now?

RACQUEL: My teeth don't get in the way. I practice a lot. On bananas and pickles, and you-know-what. But for awhile I stayed away from men because I left teeth marks . . .

CHERI: But what is your technique like . . . do you start slow, do you lick?

RACQUEL: I start with the tip . . . I've read books, like *The Sensuous Woman*, which taught me the different things like the butterfly flick, tongue exercises, the squirrel, plus the proper way to suck a cock, cupping your tongue, getting ready to swallow cum so that it goes down the throat without tasting it . . .

CHERI: Do you ever get the urge to walk up to someone on the street and say, "Let me give you a blowjob."

RACQUEL: No. It's just something . . . before I go down on someone I really have to check it out.

CHERI: You don't want crabs on your eyebrows, huh? . . .

DIVINE DECADENCE

(Continued from page 91)

at least they have me. If you'd like a prisoner pen pal, just pick up one of my papers and check out the classifieds. We have new ones every issue. They love to correspond with all types of people, especially chicks who are hot-to-trot. There is something irresistible about men who have a shady past. There is something irresistible about you, too, honey.

Write to me, okay? I love you.

THE SLAVE TRADE

(Continued from page 29)

type building. Instead, it was like "old home" week. Sir James either knew, or knew of, practically all my old friends from New York. He was deeply into the scene himself. Of course I could tell he was a dominant just by looking at him on the sofa, but this impression was confirmed when Kalleen told me she was his personal slave.

Ever read *The Story of O*? If you haven't read it, do so. It is a major classic of S&M. For those uninitiated, *O* is a slave who is taken by her master to a chateau in Roissy, France, where she is very rigorously trained as a slave. Sir James informed me that his Chateau is affiliated with the one in Roissy which, I learned to my surprise, exists in reality and not just in fantasy. You fans of *O* will be pleased to learn that she is a real person and not just a fictional character. In *The Story of O*, *O* is pierced through the labia, and rings are installed bearing the name of her master. Kalleen had similar rings in her labia. This certainly was a far cry from the House of Dominance, where everyday California living was the main topic of discussion.

There were two submissives working there: Kalleen and Missy; but Sir James hired me, too. A dominant named Joi completed the family. Joi was also someone's slave and she bore the rings, too. She also had a slave in training, a beautiful young woman in slave bracelets and collar, who accompanied her everywhere.

The difference betweeen the Chateau and the House of Dominance is largely one of style. The House of Dominance is locked with with a heavy iron gate, which Bob, the manager, could look through before opening. The door to the Chateau does not even have a peephole. They just open it without question. The House of Dominance receives customers in a very business-like waiting room, with a reception desk and a display of whips (for sale) on the wall. The customer waits for his session, goes in and has it, and then leaves. At the Chateau, the customer sits in the living room with all of us. He is served wine, or some other refreshment of his choice, and he chats very leisurely with whoever he will be doing the session with. He does the session and then relaxes again in the living room; he is offered more wine if he wishes and, in general, is treated like a guest. The result of these amenities is a rapport that is truly conducive to the mutual dignity of all parties to these arrangements. While House of Dominance customers frequently felt ripped-off—because they were paying for something they couldn't find for free—and got back at us by coldly appraising us and generally treating us like meat, Chateau customers usually acted like old friends, and that's how they are treated. The House of Dominance encouraged tipping and carried signs to that effect in all the rooms. The Chateau charges a little more, to give us bigger commissions and does not pressure the customers for tips, which eliminates a source of friction, as well. The end result is, at least as my first impression, a better class of customers—good looking, good at dominance and submission, *and* pleasant company.

I started right in working that first day. A Sagittarian businessman broke me in. He was a real turn-on, one of those men with *knowing hands* who give pleasure with every smack. Later, Sir James gave me a session, in order to whip me back into shape after my long abstinence from S&M. He told me the entire staff of the Chateau was going to a swinging party in the Valley, where we would give demonstrations as a way of drumming up business and getting me known as the newest addition to the Chateau. That evening. Sir James took me out to dinner, along with Kalleen. Then he drove me back back to my car and we parted with a long hug. Things are finally beginning to look up—but wait till you read the rest of this story in next month's edition of CHERI.

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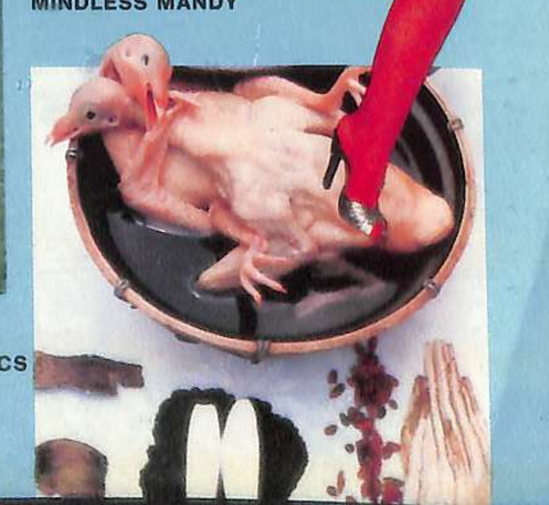

CHINESE APHRODISIACS